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[ONE PENNY.]

A NOVEL SUGGESTION.

WHILE public writers are puzzling themselves with all kinds of suggestions for making Hyde-park useful as a thoroughfare, Mr. Rammell, of Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, proposes a novel way of getting over the difficulty—by getting under it. His plan—which he has proposed to the Board of Works—is in connection with a disused line of conduit which, with permission from the Board, he undertakes to work for the purpose. He had some time since, it seems, asked the Government sanction for a line almost coincident with that now suggested, being then unaware of the existence of the conduit in question. This, he tells us, was formerly known as the Bayswater tunnel sewer. It crosses the park in a nearly direct course from Albion-street to Albert-gate. It originally conveyed the drainage and overflow of the Tyburnia district to the lower level, but this service is now specially provided for by the Ranelagh storm overflow sewage, which is led across the park from the end of Westbourne-terrace to Albert-gate, and the middle-level main sewer, which is carried along the Uxbridge-road and Oxford-street, intercepting all drainage northward of that line, both being larger and more recent works. The Bayswater conduit is, therefore, permanently abandoned, and this Mr. Rammell proposes to convert into a pneumatic tubular way, for the conveyance of passengers across the park from one side to the other! The sewer, he assures us, with a little increase of gauge, could be easily adapted to the object, and be made to carry a

train of fair-sized omnibus carriages running upon rails in the usual manner. In operation under the system suggested the trains would be alternately blown from Knightsbridge to Albion-street under a pressure applied behind of from one-and-a-half to two ounces per square inch in excess of that of the outer atmosphere, and be drawn back again from Albion-street to Knightsbridge by a slight vacuum applied in front, in this case the effect being produced by the overbalance of the outer atmospheric pressure behind. The return journey, however, from the inclination of the line, would be chiefly effected by gravitation. For all such practical considerations as the formation of stations, the ventilation of the tube, and the lighting of the carriages with gas, the projector fully provides, and he enters also into the questions of traffic and fares. The latter he proposes to fix at twopence and a penny for first and second-class. All these explanations are very satisfactory, and as we know the process to be possible, there seems no reason why it should not be applied to Hyde-park as to any other place. The only difficulty which suggests itself is how the public would like it, and whether they would consent to be blown about their business in this summary manner. The latter question, however, it is proposed to put to a legitimate test. It is not asked that Government should have more to do with the matter than giving the use of the tunnel upon equitable terms; for the rest Mr. Rammell is prepared to take the usual means for raising the capital. Under these conditions there seems no reason why the necessary powers should not be given and means afforded of taking advantage of a very favourable opportunity for making a very bold experiment.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

SECRETARY SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has received the following telegrams from Sir Robert Napier:

"May 10th.

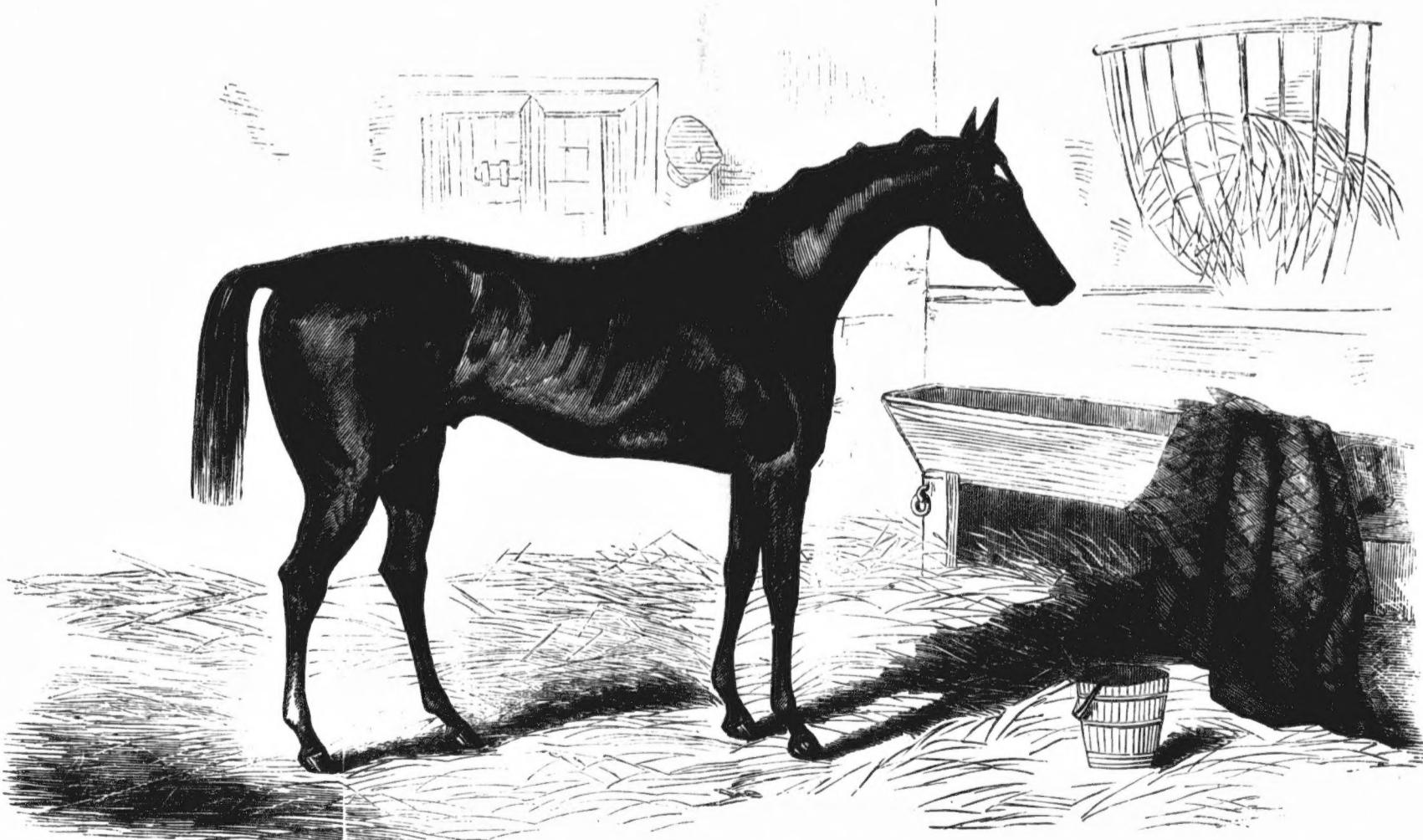
"The son of Theodore is a child; his life would not be safe in Abyssinia. I solicit permission to carry him and his mother, should they desire it, to Bombay, on the part of Government, and to entrust the child to the Rev. Dr. Wilson to be educated. No prospect has been held out to the mother but that of comfortable maintenance. Mother at present ill; recovery doubtful."

"Camp Haikhullut, May 16th.

"In continuation of my telegram dated 10th inst., I regret to say that the widowed Queen of Theodore died last night in my camp. The surgeon who attended her reports her death to have resulted from disease of the lungs, of long standing. Every comfort that we could procure was supplied her, and her every wish attended to during her illness. Her remains will be buried this morning in the church of Chelicut. An escort of our troops accompanied the funeral procession beyond our pickets. The rearguard of the force moved yesterday from Antalo, and is about to march to Dongolo. All is well."

"Adigerat, May 21st.

"I propose to leave at Zoulla for the present Madras and Bombay Sappers, 3rd and 25th Regiments, Native Infantry, Army Works Corps, and Bengal Coolie Corps. All othe"



BLUE GOWN, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1868.

troops will have embarked by June the 1st. Troops leaving quickly. Flood in Sooro defile. Six hundred natives drowned; some mules also. No apprehension of force being delayed. Health of troops excellent."

(No date.)

"Her Majesty's most gracious message as been most enthusiastically received by the troops. Colonel Milward leaves by the mail steamer of 22nd instant. Carries the crown, robe, and state seal of Theodore, in the hope that Her Majesty may be graciously pleased to accept them as a tribute of respectful duty and affectionate loyalty from Her Majesty's army in Abyssinia."

The following telegram has also been received at the India Office from Colonel Milward:—

"Suez, June 1st.

"I have been detained four days by ship stranding on a reef in Red Sea. Will proceed by next mail, or earlier if possible, with despatches."

COURT AND SOCIETY.

ON Saturday a Levee was held at St. James's Palace by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of Her Majesty. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. The number of presentations was unusually great.

His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has been pleased to sanction the wearing of a laurel wreath on the forage cap of the sergeants of the 3rd Foot. Colonel Gwilt, C.B., in communicating the fact, congratulated the sergeants, as the 3rd is the only regiment in the British service to whom this ornament is allowed.

HER MAJESTY has been pleased to fix upon Saturday, the 20th inst., for review of Volunteers in Windsor Park, and an official notification has been issued, reminding commanders of corps that applications to be present must be sent on or before the 8th inst. There will no doubt be an extremely large muster of Volunteers from all parts of England.

THE Court of Queen's Bench was occupied the greater part of Tuesday by the case of Mr. Kyte. The Grand Jury of the Court in the county of Middlesex having been sworn in especially to try the allegations of misdemeanor on which the accused was lately committed by Mr. Vaughan, Justice Blackburn delivered an elaborate and masterly charge on the whole case. The Grand Jury then retired, and after a lengthened deliberation threw out the bill.

A CONSERVATIVE meeting, which was largely attended, was held on Friday at the Saracen's Hotel, Chelmsford, Essex, at which it was decided that Mr. Henry Selwin-Ibbetson (now M.P. for North Essex) and Lord Eustace Cecil (one of the sitting members for South Essex) should be asked to stand for the representation of North-west Essex under the new Reform Bill, but it is understood that they will have a very slender chance.

THE Government of Canada are, it is said, about to decide upon the route for the Intercolonial Railway, after having submitted the line for the approbation of the Imperial Government. It is the intention of the Government to let the contract for building the railway, according to the provision of the Act of last Session; but it is not proposed to grant a subsidy to aid any company in the carrying out of the undertaking.

THE Islington Horse Show, which has of late years become an established London summer exhibition, was opened at the Agricultural Hall for private view on Saturday. The number of entries is larger than heretofore, and the classes of hunters appear to comprise many excellent animals. Amongst the exhibitors was the Prince of Wales, who won the second prize in the second class with the splendid fencier his Royal Highness acquired during his recent visit in Ireland, and which, in honour of that event, has been named "the Knight of St. Patrick." The Prince has kindly allowed his famous pet Arabians to be exhibited. The carriage horses, park hacks, and ponies are exceedingly interesting.

VICE-CHANCELLOR GIFFARD gave judgment in the case of Mr. Leonard Edmunds, who was charged with having improperly abstained during his tenure of office as Clerk of Patents the sum of £9,600. The three questions before the Court were—first, the right to make a profit by the purchase and sale of stamps; secondly, the right to sell certain parchments on which patents are engrossed and illuminated at 12s. 10d. each; and thirdly, the question of jurisdiction. Vice-Chancellor Giffard said at the outset that Mr. Edmunds by his answer had completely vindicated his character, and whatever his liability might be, it had arisen from a mistake and was not intentional. He decided that the Court of Chancery had jurisdiction, and with respect to the Act of Parliament regulating the payment of salaries, there was no doubt that the object of that Act was that all fees should be paid into the Court of Exchequer, and that a settled salary should be paid in "full satisfaction" of all fees which had heretofore been paid. The Vice-Chancellor then directed an inquiry in chambers as to all fees and emoluments received by the defendant during his tenure of office, and of all profits made by the purchase and resale of stamps out of money originally emanating from the Crown. His Honour said he regretted that the terms of the Act of Parliament compelled him to order that no allowance should be made to the defendant in respect to the preparation and engrossment of patents; but considering the clear vindication of character which had been established by the defendant he certainly should not condemn him in costs.

THE NEW SHOOTING GROUNDS.—Situate midway between the Shepherd's-bush Station of the Metropolitan Railway and the Turnham-green end of the New-road there stands, in the bend of the thoroughfare, adjacent to the classic locality of Starch-green, a public-house rejoicing in the loyal appellation of the "Queen of England," in connection with which the spirited proprietor, on the 1st of this month, inaugurated the opening of a shooting ground in the rear of his establishment. This announcement will cause a feeling of satisfaction both to the inhabitants and visitors who belong to the sporting world. Every requisite for the pastime may be obtained at a nominal charge, whilst accommodation can be had at reasonable prices. It may be well to remind our readers that the last train for the City and West-end leaves Merlesmith at midnight. These new grounds cannot fail to be in great request, and we can cordially recommend a visit to them during the present fine weather.

THE FINANCES OF BELGIUM.—The finances of Belgium appear to be well administered. From 1858 to 1865, inclusive, the ordinary receipt exceeded the ordinary expenditure by the sum of £174,000 annually. This very satisfactory result was not attained in 1865 or 1867; but nevertheless, an equilibrium was more than maintained between the receipts and expenses of the State. 1866 leaving a surplus of £143,400, and 1867 one of £112,000. The loan contracted by Belgium between 1839 and 1863, inclusive, amount to £21,828,657, reduced by repayments to £13,899,410. Including debts assumed by Belgium, in accordance with treaties of 1839 and 1842, the total national indebtedness of Belgium is estimated at £21,219,600.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

Our contemporaries have given circulation to a report that Lord Strathnairn is about to give up his command of the forces in Ireland. We have reason to believe that there is no foundation for the rumour, and that it is his lordship's intention to resume the command in Ireland at the expiration of his leave in July.

JOHN HARTLEY, aged 22, and Edward Chadwick, aged 16, were engaged in boring at Brotherwood Colliery, on Thursday, for the purpose of blasting. They had partly completed the hole and placed some powder in it, when it exploded, and set fire to the powder in the flask. Both were killed.

ON Wednesday Jacob Cox, Hartlepool fish curer, was at Seaton Snook with his horse and cart. He tied the horse to a post on the sea beach, and left it about two hours, whilst he gathered some cockles. In his absence the animal found its way into the sea with the cart, and on the following morning it was picked up with the cart, by the crew of a returning fishing boat, about 12 miles from the place at which the animal had entered the sea. It died before it was got ashore.

THE remarkably brilliant and pleasant weather on Whit Monday increased immeasurably the out-door pleasure-takers who keep high holiday at Whitsuntide. The railways, vans, omnibuses, steam-boats, and every other possible conveyance were crammed to their utmost capacity from an early hour, and nothing could more exemplify the vastness of the population than the fact that after such an exodus the streets showed a sensible diminution of their usual crowds, and that all the in-door exhibitions and amusements should have all their usual holiday bustle and patronage.

A SHOCKING case of attempted murder took place on Friday at Glasgow, the incidents of which are somewhat curious. A man named Houston (who about six weeks ago attempted self-destruction) rose about six o'clock, and shortly afterwards returned to the bed where he had left his wife asleep, and cut her throat. The wound was not instantly fatal, and a neighbour hearing a cry of distress found the poor woman sitting up in bed with the blood pouring from a wound in her throat, into a basin, which her husband, after wounding her, coolly placed before her for the purpose. On being taken into custody the wretched man expressed regret that he had not cut her head off. It is believed that his mind is deranged. Mrs. Houston lies in the infirmary in a dangerous condition.

ON Friday, at the Liverpool Police-court, Thomas Rigg, Thomas Carter, Alexander Andrews, and Frederick Tate, were charged with having stolen three bales of American cotton and three bales of Surat cotton, on the 28th April last, from the Corporation shed in Ansdell-street, in the occupation of Messrs. Radford and Major, warehousemen; and John Wilson was charged with having received the same, well knowing them to have been stolen. Evidence was given to show that the cotton was removed by the first four prisoners, Rigg at the time being warehouse-keeper to the prosecutors, and Carter and Andrews cotton porters. It was taken to the premises of Wilson, a dealer in damaged cotton. The value of the cotton was about £100. The prisoners were remanded. There are two other charges against the prisoners, in only one of which, however, Wilson is implicated. Two other prisoners will be placed in the dock, and five other bales of cotton are the subject of the charges.

MORVILLE Church, Shropshire, was struck by lightning during the late severe thunderstorm, and sustained considerable damage. The electric fluid first struck the south-west pinnacle of the tower, breaking it in pieces, and scattering the fragments of stone in all directions. One piece, weighing 20lb., was hurled the full length of the church, and fell upon the roof at the end of the nave, breaking the tiles. The lightning then flashed upon an iron pipe near the vestry chimney, and passed into the vestry, whence it got into the nave of the church. Here it ran along the stone floor of the aisle, turning up in a peculiarly regular manner the cocoanut matting with which it was covered, its pathway being marked by a scorched line. Branching off finally towards the north it appeared to have exploded, turning completely over in the process a large piece of the flagstone flooring of the church. The earth beneath the flag was not disturbed in the slightest degree, nor were the pews in the vicinity, though the books were all found scattered about on the floor.

ON Saturday forenoon great excitement was caused at Scarborough by a rumour that a wilful and deliberate attempt had been made on the life of Mr. W. S. Constantine, a tradesman residing in St. Thomas-street. It appears that Mr. Constantine occupies premises, of which Mr. T. Lee (another tradesman, who resides in the house and shop adjoining Constantine's) is the owner. For some time Lee has been greatly troubled about Constantine's failing to pay his rent, and sharp words have passed between them. Not long ago, Lee threatened to stab Constantine with a knife; and he afterwards declared he "would be the death of him." On Saturday morning Lee went out of his own shop into Constantine's, and again demanded his rent. Constantine said he really could not pay it just then, but would as soon as he could. He saw Lee fumbling about his breast pocket; and fearing foul play, Constantine left the shop and went into a side room. He had just closed the door, the upper part of which is glass, when Lee raised a pistol, and fired at him through one of the squares. Constantine was hit in the breast, the ball striking one of the ribs of his right side, and passing along it until it lodged under his arm. An inch more towards the left might have caused instant death. Lee then went into his own house, and put the pistol to his head, declaring he would do for himself as he had done for Constantine. The servant girl snatched the pistol away. It was a double-barrelled one, and one of the barrels was still loaded when the police received it. Lee on being apprehended, asked if Constantine was dead. On being told he was not dead, he said "Oh, I'm sorry for it, for I meant it." Constantine is in a precarious condition, and the examination of the prisoner is deferred for some days until the result appears.

AN inquiry was opened at the Town Hall, Gravesend, on Saturday, before Mr. Hilder, the borough coroner, touching the death of William Hewett, aged twenty-eight, and Charles Thomas, aged twenty-three, firemen on board the Pilot steam tug, who were killed by the explosion of one of the boilers in that vessel. It appeared that the Pilot tug, which was the property of Mr. Davis, had been undergoing some repairs at the iron works, near the entrance of the Gravesend and Medway canal, and the work having been completed, a number of ladies and gentlemen were on board the vessel on her trial trip down Sea Reach, on Thursday. What examination the tug underwent previous to her starting has not transpired, but it is stated that there was no appearance of danger, and all went on apparently well until she had reached near Cliffe, some three or four miles below Gravesend, when, without any warning, the port boiler exploded with terrific force. The deceased firemen were found shockingly mutilated. Hewett had his legs nearly blown off, and was killed on the spot. Thomas was dreadfully scalded, and his sufferings were most intense. Several vessels were hauled, and the fishing smack Defence, of Gravesend Captain Castle, bore down to the tug and rescued those on board. Thomas was taken on to Gravesend Infirmary, but he expired shortly after being landed. The owner had only left the engine-room a minute or so before, and the chief engineer was about going down at the moment of the explosion. It seemed that the boiler was about two years old, but the tug had been laid up some months previous to the repairs being made. The coroner proposed to communicate with the Board of Trade, to ask that department to send down some officers to survey the boiler, and to give them the result of his examination. The jury concurred in the suggestion of the coroner, and the inquiry was adjourned.

METROPOLITAN.

ON Whit Monday there were interesting volunteer reviews at Panshanger, the seat of Earl Cowper, in Hertfordshire; and on Tooting-common. The greater number of the regiments present were metropolitan; and in most cases the muster was unusually large.

On Friday an inquest was held at St. George's Hospital on the body of William Hawks, aged forty-two, bricklayer, who had expired from fatal injuries sustained by falling through a wall staircase in Grosvenor-place. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

The coroner's jury on Tuesday completed their inquiry into the circumstances attendant upon the death of Mrs. Grossmith, eatinghouse-keeper, Norton Folgate, by returning a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Alexander Arthur Mackay, her shopman. Although nearly a month has elapsed since the outrage the police have been unable to trace the murderer, who, it will be remembered absconded immediately afterwards.

UNDER the superintendence of Mr. Lee, architect to the Earl of Dudley, the rebuilding of Her Majesty's Theatre, has just been commenced, Messrs. Trollope and Sons being the contractors. By the terms of their contract the building is to be finished in forty weeks from the present time, under a penalty of £1,000 for every week beyond that time. It is intended that the accommodation shall be much increased in the new building, the last one holding not more than 1,700 persons.

ON Saturday night a shocking accident, resulting in instantaneous death, occurred on the North London Railway, at the Highbury Station. At about a quarter-past eleven the last train from the City was approaching the station, when those within the carriages were suddenly startled by hearing screams beneath the train. From information which could be obtained on the spot at the time of the occurrence, it appears that the deceased was standing on the platform waiting for the train to stop, when suddenly the door of one of the compartments was thrown open, knocking him down between the carriages and the platform. Two gentlemen who were seated in the carriage the door of which was opened, was unable to give any satisfactory account of the cause of the accident from the suddenness of the occurrence. Death was instantaneous. A stool was procured from the Islington workhouse, the body placed in it, and conveyed to the dead-house at the Chapel of Ease, Holloway, where it awaits the coroner's inquest. The deceased is 20 years of age. He had in his possession an Albert chain and watch, a sovereign, and some silver, and from documents found on him it was discovered that his name was Charles Bedwell Oak, of No. 2, Holly-bush, Hampstead.

THE ALEXANDRA PARK RACES.

THE managers of the Alexandra Park are resolved to exterminate from the turf some of the baneful weeds which render it objectionable at Epsom and elsewhere. They announce in their prospectus of the races for the present year that the company "reserve the right of refusing admission to any person they think proper"—improper is obviously what they mean. The process of elimination will be an extremely interesting one. What degree of virtue in a racing man will entitle him to carry on his vocation in the uninfected precincts of Alexandra Park is not stated; but the Marquis of Hastings is on the list of stewards, and he is a proper person to be called in to decide the question. Perhaps the "ring" will be required to pass a kind of moral competitive examination, while "weslers" will be summarily condemned to the outer void. To complete the arrangements of the course it is further proclaimed that "all dogs will be destroyed." In the accounts of the races, therefore, we shall be spared the well-known description of that dog. In a word, the British public will, for the first time, have the opportunity of studying the turf free from the intrusion of all inferior animals. The peculiar operations connected with the Earl and Lady Elizabeth will not be permitted on the stainless heights of Muswell-hill. We should have thought that it was scarcely worth the while of the Marquis of Hastings to be associated with so tame and spiritless a concern.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE LATE STORM.

THE storm of Friday appears to have prevailed over a wide extent of country, and to have done a good deal of damage. I caused great consternation at Epsom, where it broke about half an hour before anything was heard of it in London, but it had ceased before the racing began. At ten minutes to one o'clock the steeple of St. Stephen's Church, Southwark, was struck by lightning. The top of the steeple is covered with tiles, which were stripped off, but no further damage was done. An hour later two seamen belonging to the barque Constance, lying off Rotherhithe, were struck by the lightning. One of the men, who was clasping an iron bar, is dreadfully injured, having nearly the whole of one side scorched from head to foot. His recovery is doubtful. The other man remained totally blind for many hours. At half-past two the lightning struck the premises of Mr. T. B. Davy, draper, of No. 1, Church-street, at the corner of Dalton-lane. The electric current first caught the chimney-stack, and running down the wall passed through a conservatory, completely shattering the roof. Fortunately, this was the only damage done. A wooden house in East-street, Bromley, was struck. In the upper part of the house one of the weather-boards was thrown to a considerable distance; the lightning then entered the upper room, where it did some damage to the fireplace. It then passed to a lower apartment and through the wall, tearing off another of the weather-boards. About the same time the house of Mr. Peters, a brazier, was struck; part of the wooden framework over the window was destroyed, and many panes of glass were broken. The Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament was struck. The House of Lords was sitting at the time for the purpose of hearing appeals. The shock was sensibly felt, and their lordships suspended their sittings for a short time in consequence. It was ascertained, however, that no material damage had been done, and the sitting was resumed. At Birmingham an explosion, caused by the lightning, and followed by at least four deaths, occurred at a fog-signal manufactory, at Saltley, near the town. Mr. Lilly, the proprietor of the manufactory, saw that one of the sheds, in which a number of girls were working, was in flames. In an instant the fog-signals within began to explode in volleys, keeping up a continuous fusillade. As quickly as possible four of the girls were got out of the shed, but they were frightfully burnt. Two of them, scarcely beyond the age of childhood, were killed, the bodies being charred all over. The spot where the accident occurred being rather lonely assistance was not at hand at the moment, but it was promptly rendered by the Rev. Canon Gover, of the Training College. It appears that just prior to the explosion the proprietor saw the lightning strike the ridge of the roof. A large boy's school at Furze-hill, near Brighton, having two high chimney stacks, on one of which only a conductor is fixed, was struck, the fluid striking the unprotected stack and carrying away a number of zinc flues and several slates. The lightning descended one of the chimneys, driving a register stove from its position, and then ascending into the drawing-room, scattered the fire-irons and threw the fender to the other side of the room. Fortunately nobody was hurt. At the Brighton telegraph office the clerks ran away in a panic, and some rather doubtful tales are told in some of the papers of the pranks which the lightning played. One is that an inspector of police who ventured into the office was met by a flash passing from one instrument to another. He was stunned and temporarily blinded, and it was a considerable time before he recovered his eyesight.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE Ministerial crisis at the Hague is over, M. Van Thobbecke having succeeded in forming a Cabinet.

THROUGH the Atlantic cable we learn that the American Senate has passed the bill sent up from the House of Representatives admitting Arkansas to representation in Congress.

The Emperor and Empress of the French have gone to Rouen to attend the agricultural meeting there. The Emperor made two speeches, but they were void of all political interest.

The Ministerial crisis at the Hague still continues, but it is thought that M. Von Thobbecke, who had a private audience of the King on Saturday, will soon succeed in forming a Ministry.

The pearl fishery grounds recently discovered at Western Australia extend along the coast for 1,000 miles. Upwards of sixty tons of pearl oysters were fished up in December last, and sold for £100 per ton.

A TELEGRAM announces that Sir Robert Napier and the rear column arrived at Atterbrath on the 22nd of May, and would reach Sennar on the 24th. King Theodore's widow had died of consumption in the British camp.

THE Opinion of Turin on Saturday announced the conclusion of a treaty between England, France, and Italy on the Tunis question. France has relinquished the idea of a separate arrangement with the Bey, and has agreed to act in unison with England and Italy.

A TELEGRAM from Bombay states that intelligence was received there on the 25th of May, announcing that in a great battle between the Russians and Bokharians the former were the victors, and afterwards took possession of Bokhara.

NEAR Cologne, in the circle of Sieg, a tremendous hailstorm, accompanied by a waterspout, a few days back devastated the territories of about twenty villages. The wind, which was extremely violent, tore up oaks of more than 100 years old, and blew down several dwelling-houses.

THE report of an intended rising on the part of the Poles on the Austro-Russian frontier, are declared to be without foundation. The Official Gazette of Vienna, besides exposing the falsity of the statement, denounces it as a hoax got up by unimportant Russian newspapers and subordinate Russian officers on the frontier.

THROUGH the Atlantic Cable we have the following news from Washington. The President has appointed General Schofield to be Secretary of War in place of Mr. Stanton, and the Senate, it appears, without any opposition, confirmed the appointment. General Grant and Mr. Colfax have accepted the nomination of the Chicago Convention, the former as President and the latter as Vice-President of the United States.

A CLOCKMAKER of Angouleme, named Besse, has just been defrauded of a sum of £4,000 in the following manner:—A foreigner named Lopez arrived a short time back in that town and obtained an introduction to the tradesman. A few days back he proposed to sell to Besse a number of ingots of gold which he had at Bordeaux, and on the other accepting the bargain Lopez left Angouleme, making an appointment with the clockmaker to meet him at the last-mentioned town to conclude the transaction. The next day Besse went to Bordeaux, and the gold, of which there was more than 100lb. in weight, being assayed, was packed up, and the purchaser handed to Lopez £4,000 on account, and returned to Angouleme with his treasure; but on arriving home he found that the other had by some means substituted bars of copper for the gold. Lopez had, in the meantime, already started for Spain by railway, and when the discovery was made was beyond the reach of the police.

A GERMAN CAUSE CELEBRE.

THE great poisoning case of Munich, the last scene of which was played out in Vienna a week or two since, is very little known in this country, considering its interest. The story is this.

Count Korinsky was a lieutenant in the Austrian army. His wife, Matilda Keuff, was an actress of great beauty (born in Bavaria) whom he married in 1860 while serving in the Papal army, the young lady having gone south to obtain an engagement. The marriage was not a happy one. The pair repeatedly quarrelled in the inn where they put up, and in the winter of 1864 they obtained a divorce—such a divorce as is sanctioned by the Romish Church, the divorced parties not being allowed to marry again. The Countess went to live with her father-in-law, and the Count re-entered the Austrian army as a private soldier, and by dint of bravery and good conduct during the campaign of Silesia-Holstein got promoted to his old position. The Count was again in arms during the Prussian war and fought at the battle of Königgrätz. In July, 1866, he returned home badly wounded. His wife, notified of his arrival, left Vienna for Ulm, where she accepted the addresses of a young student, and afterwards went to live at Munich, where she gave birth to a child, stillborn. She then engaged apartments in the house of a widow named Eliza Hartman, and lived there till the 21st of November, 1867. She is described as being extremely prepossessing, irrespective of her beauty, with fair hair and brown eyes, and a fair but not a pale face.

It was a Wednesday morning, the day the 20th of November, the year 1867, the time a little before daybreak, when a young lady elegantly dressed entered the hotel of the "Four Seasons" at Munich. She had come by the train from Salzburg, and gave her name as Fraulein Vay of Vienna. She engaged a room, and after reposing for a few hours and taking lunch went out to examine the city, returning to the hotel late in the evening. On the following day—that is to say, on Thursday, the 21st of November—the stranger remained in her room till nearly midday. One of the chambermaids, entering at about eleven o'clock, found her awake and very much agitated. She had jewels on her fingers, and her hands were very white and beautiful. But she completed her toilette without washing them and smoked a cigarette. At mid-day she was dressed and ready to go out. She was pale and wild-looking, with black eyes and hair, and a face which might be called sympathetic rather than beautiful. She wore a black silk dress with streaks of white, a mantle of the same kind, a black pelisse, and a fancy hat or bonnet, equally sombre, but relieved by lilac ribbons. Her brooch and ear-rings (also black) were carved into the shape of death's-heads. At a little before three o'clock this lady ordered a bottle of Lunel and half a bottle of ordinary wine, and had them poured into two vials which she took out of her box. Where she went or how she occupied her time between three and four has not transpired; but at four o'clock she was seen to enter the reception-room of the Countess Korinsky, for whom she had somehow or other got a letter of introduction. What they said to each other when they met has not been divulged; one cannot and the other will not speak. The two ladies—one in gay and pretty clothes, the other in black, with death's-heads in her ears—left the hotel together to make purchases in the city.

Shortly after five o'clock they returned to the Countess's apartments, and a gentleman who was lodging in an adjacent room states that he overheard the two ladies talking in a very friendly manner, and is quite sure they took tea together. The lady in black (here we have the landlady's statement) rang the bell and ordered a carriage to be fetched at half-past seven o'clock—that is to say, in time for the theatre. At the hour named the landlady ascended the stairs to announce the carriage, but found the door locked and the key taken away. She sat up all night and the following night, and on the third day sent for the police, who broke open the door. A frightful scene presented itself. The Countess

was found lying on the floor, quite dead, between the sofa and the table, her head bent forwards upon her bosom. Blood had flowed from her mouth down her dress, and thence on to the floor. Her eyes were wide open, but the body showed no signs of outward violence. As the lodger had supposed, the table was set for tea, with fruits, milk, wine, &c., and there was a cup half empty on the right-hand side of the place supposed to have been occupied by the deceased. The stranger had disappeared.

On the room being searched it was found that the Countess had not been robbed. Her money, her watch, and some jewels of value were found in different parts of the room, and the conclusion arrived at by the police was that a murder, and not a suicide, had been committed, and that the murderer was not a thief. Suspicion pointed to "Mdlle. Vay," the name the stranger gave at the hotel, and who left for Vienna on the night of the murder.

Meantime the two Counts Korinsky, father-in-law and husband of the deceased, were summoned to Munich. The former saw and identified the body, but the latter refused to attend the post-mortem examination, alleging that he was tired after his journey, and that he had never been on good terms with his wife even during her lifetime. This excuse did not prevent his being forced to put in an appearance, and his conduct before the magistrate was so strange that his pockets were searched, and in one of them were found four cartes de visite, which turned out to be portraits of Mdlle. Vay. The Count stated that her real name was Julia von Ebergenyi, Baroness de Telecker—gave her address as No. 13, Krugerstrasse Vienna, and declared that she had never been to Munich in her life.

By a coincidence, explained by the electric telegraph, the police of Vienna entered the house of Mdlle. Ebergenyi at the very time that the police at Munich were examining her carte de visite. Her portrait was her accuser, and although silent, its voice reached her at a distance of some hundreds of miles.

On being asked whether she knew Count Korinsky, she turned pale, and it is said that her eyes became phosphorescent. She placed her hand on her heart, and said, turning to the police, "I am innocent!" Again, bursting into tears, she cried out, "I am innocent! Will you take me to prison?" and sank down in her chair in a paroxysm of grief. But she mastered her emotion, and, starting to her feet, said she was ready to follow the officers of the law, but hoped she might be allowed to dress herself properly (she was in night apparel), which was granted. She was then taken to prison.

In the possession of the accused were found nine keys, one of which opened a cupboard in the Countess's room, and a small bottle containing prussic acid; also a number of letters written to the deceased lady by her father-in-law. The accused likewise had papers in her possession which seem to throw the chief blame of murder on another person. These consist of letters addressed to Mdlle. Ebergenyi, and written by Count Korinsky. One of them contains the following words:—"I must marry you. You must do what you can to make it possible for us to be married before God and man." And in other letters:—"I have to speak to you again about 'that affair.' I will overcome everything as a man of energy, because I cannot live without you." Another letter was cited at the trial which seems to remove all doubts as to the culpability of the Count. A portion of it runs as follows:—

"In this way everything will succeed with the help of God. I want to speak to you again to-day. I will notify to you one or two inns at M— (Munich). We will pray together that everything may end happily, and we will omit nothing which may enable us at once to realise our marriage, for I cannot live in this way. I place all my trust in you. I hope you will succeed. If, however, it is impossible, we will take more energetic steps. O God! may the time of our marriage arrive soon. This is my most earnest desire and prayer. I will act with more energy in order that you may not remain separated from me longer than is absolutely necessary."

We need not go farther into the details of this horrible story. The accused was found guilty of the wilful murder of Matilda, Countess of Korinsky, and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude; and at the expiration of each year to one week's solitary confinement, in lieu of the punishment of chains, abolished in Austria by the law which came into force last winter. She was also condemned to the permanent loss of her nobility. It was urged in her defence that she was "a weak woman, seduced to deeds of violence by an infamous lover," and her conduct at the trial was referred to in eloquent terms. When asked if she had anything to say about Count Korinsky, she said in a low voice, and with the tears streaming down her cheeks, "I love him!" and declined to say anything in his prejudice. What will be done to him remains to be seen. It seems that he has testified his willingness to go to Australia or America, or, in fact, anywhere out of the way, and that the Emperor has been appealed to on his behalf, the plea being that he is a soldier who has served his country too well to be abandoned in his hour of need.

SUICIDE THROUGH LOSSES ON THE DERBY.

AN inquiry was held on Tuesday evening by Mr. W. Payne, coroner, at the George Tavern, Tower-street, Waterloo-road, respecting the death of Mr. Thomas Whitehead, aged sixty years.

The deceased was a cutter at a clothier's in Cloth Fair, and his son deposed that he was aware of the fact that his father was given to betting, but as he was a very "close man" he never told whether he had won or lost.

Mr. T. Sangster said that on last Friday night he saw the deceased on the top of an omnibus which was returning from the Oaks. He was then in a very desponding state.

Mr. Jones Milet, of the European Coffee-house, in the Westminster-road, said that on Friday night at eleven o'clock the deceased came to his house and took a bed. He was so sad that he could hardly speak. He was sober, and after drinking a cup of coffee he said that a friend of his had told him to back Pace, one of the horses that was to run for the Derby. He had done so and lost. Witness spoke to him on the evil of racing, and said that he had once been a sufferer by it. He then went to bed in the top room. Before he did so he smoked a pipe. Witness heard him place the washstand and a chair against the door. The whole of his conversation had been upon racing. On Saturday he did not come downstairs, and witness then forced open the door. He found the deceased seated on the floor at the end of the bedstead. He had tied a rope round his neck and then fastened it to the pole of the bedstead. He had then sat down upon the floor and pressed his body forward. He was quite dead.

Dr. Donashoo said that the deceased had died from suffocation caused by strangulation.

Several papers relating to betting and racing were found upon the deceased. He had lost money by the Derby and the Oaks.

The Coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity."

TROOPS RETURNING FROM ABYSSINIA.—"An Officer in the Reserve Force" expresses his hope that the gratitude of the country towards the troops returning from Abyssinia will be displayed by deeds as well as by words, and will not be limited to complimentary speeches and votes of thanks in the Lords and Commons. It would go far to popularise the service, and would facilitate the work of the recruiting sergeant, were Sir John Pakington enabled to announce that each regiment on its arrival would be at once sent to some favourite quarters, and not relegated for the winter season to the bleak hill sides of Shorncliffe or Aldershot, and that as many furloughs as possible would be granted to the men.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The present cast of "Medea" differs from that of 1865 in two important points, Mdle. Bauermeister being substituted for Miss Laura Harris in the part of Dirce, and Signor Mongini for Dr. Gunz in the part of Jason. Clever as we cannot but allow Mdle. Bauermeister to be, she falls short in vocal ability of her predecessor, Signor Mongini, on the other hand, makes a far more satisfactory representative of the part of the Chief of the Argonauts than the German tenor, and sings the music with extraordinary force, and with a classical feeling hardly to be expected from his antecedents. In short, Jason is the character in which Signor Mongini is heard to the greatest advantage, since, either from timidity or appreciation, he exhibits less of that exuberance of manner and style which in other parts are but too apparent. The part of Jason, though very important, is by no means a grateful one, and the music ranges inconveniently high throughout for the tenor. Signor Mongini, however, possesses a voice which is equal to all claims made upon it in the highest register, which was most satisfactorily shown in the air, in the first act, "O che sciolto mi son," which would imperil the voice of any tenor not exceptionally endowed. Signor Mongini also has to be praised unreservedly for his singing in the two duets (act the first and second) with Medes, which are among the finest things in dramatic music. The part of Neris, Medea's attendant, is but a small one for Mdle. Simoco; but in the air in G minor, in which Neris tries to console Medea, that very clever artist, by force of her admirable and most pathetic singing, makes ample amends for any shortcomings in the character. Creon, though musically interesting, is another part which does not predominate in the drama. The character, however, is fortunate in being represented by our accomplished baritone, Mr. Santley, who sings the music as probably it was never sung before. The air in which Creon threatens Medea, as well as the principal share of a prayer with chorus, sung by Mr. Santley, are among the most striking points in the performance. Of course the great weight of the opera, musically and dramatically, rests on the shoulders of Mdle. Titius. In no character—not in Fidelio, nor Iphigenia—are her unequalled physical powers more ardently taxed than in the Medea of Cherubini. She really seems inspired by the music, and endows the character with a sublimity which Euripides intended to bestow upon it. The pathos and rage, the tenderness and grandeur of the character, are realized with equal force and facility. For the embodiment of such a character, indeed, the highest genius is necessitated, and Mdle. Titius fulfils every possible requirement. Besides the dramatic vigour and wonderful variety of expression, besides the overwhelming passion and intense pathos demanded for the part, the vocal powers and stamens which are called into force throughout the performance can scarcely be paralleled in any other performance; but Mdle. Titius possesses every requisite. She never fails for a moment in her acting or singing, and she is as powerful at the end of the performance as she is at the beginning. Not to enter into further particulars, it will be enough to say that Mdle. Titius on Saturday evening was magnificent and impressive from the first scene to the last, and that she never achieved a more legitimate triumph. The band and chorus were wonderfully fine throughout, and when the difficulty of the music is taken into consideration it may be said indeed that they earned their brightest laurels of the season. The execution by the chorus of the superb psans in the scene of the marriage of Jason and Dirce, and that by the band of the transcendent storm, which ushers in the third act, were entitled to the most unqualified praise. Doubtless Signor Arditi had his task set him to bring the performance to so successful an issue, but, as in 1865, 1866, and 1867, he did it nobly, and must be accredited with all the consideration due to his indomitable zeal and eminent ability.—Auber's "Gustavus" is in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced. Mdle. Christine Nilsson will play the part of the page Oscar, and will introduce one or two airs written expressively for her by the composer.

NEW HOLBORN THEATRE.—The new drama, founded upon the novel of "Foul Play," is the joint work of Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Charles Reade, who understand perhaps better than any dramatists of the time how to produce those sensational effects which the modern British public so dearly delights in. The authors of "Foul Play," it must be confessed, have not discovered any new material for their story. The crime upon which its interest hinges is the scuttling of a vessel, and the sympathies of the audience are appealed to by the misfortunes of a gentleman who has been wrongfully convicted of forgery, and whose prosperous enemy is also his rival in love. Mr. George Neville has the rather ungrateful task of reconciling Arthur Wardlaw's cold-blooded and deceitful nature with the existence of a pure love for Helen. Mr. Joseph Irvine has a keen sense of humour, but a cowardly landlubber, whom a transpontine audience would stare at in angry amazement. "Foul Play" will probably have a tolerably long run, but we doubt if Mr. Boucicault will on this occasion realize those glowing visions of a prosperous drama which he has recently described for the benefit of inferior writers.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Mdle. Azella made her *entrée* at this place of amusement on Monday evening, after an absence of two months, and was received with loud plaudits by a crowded and fashionable auditory.

THE FAILURE OF THE IMPEACHMENT.

If, as is highly probable, Mr. Johnson has learned nothing by experience, he will repair the defeat inflicted on his opponents by committing some act of imprudence. In the remaining nine months of his tenure of office he may, however, still prove that the Senate was, politically as well as judicially, in the right. If his troubled Presidency ends calmly, there will be a general consent of opinion that the failure of prosecution was conducive to the public interest. On the other hand, fresh collisions with Congress, although they would not really disprove the justice of the acquittal, would be regarded as arguments against the expediency of the decision. Whatever may be the course of the President, the failure of the impeachment can scarcely fail to be beneficial as a precedent. The constitutional remedy will be applicable if a President should at any time be guilty of a serious malversation of office, but impeachment will scarcely be used again as an instrument of political hostility.—*Saturday Review*.

AN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, promoted by Lady de Rothschild, at Hatton, near the family seat in Bucks, has been formally opened by the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, who made a very pleasant speech on the occasion, without, of course, the remotest reference to politics, but with some words of kindly greeting and of hearty commendation for, and honest pride in the doings of his constituents. Distant as the scene was from any railway station or considerable centre of manufacturing industry there was an assemblage of more than 5,000 persons to welcome the Premier, and to visit the Exhibition, which is really well worth seeing, and which will remain a local attraction for a week to come.

THE charge of forging and extensively uttering Russian rouble notes was further investigated on Tuesday at the Thames Police-court. The five persons accused are Jews, three residing in London, one at Woolwich, and the fifth at Liverpool. After a lengthened hearing, one of them, named Solowjev, said to be a person of great erudition in the Talmudist and Rabbinical writings, was discharged, and the other prisoners were remanded.

PUSHING ITS BUSINESS.

THE "Albert Life Assurance Company" adopts strange means of pushing its business. A correspondent, who took unto himself a wife about ten days since, has been pursued to Paris, and has been heavily mulcted in postage, by the following printed circular:—

Albert Life Assurance Company. (Established 1833.)—Yorkshire Chief Office, 15, Park-row, Leeds, May 21, 1868.—Dear Sir,—At this eventful period of your history, allow me most respectfully to call your attention to the importance of Life Assurance, feeling assured that the satisfaction it will afford will contribute considerably to your happiness. On your filling up the annexed proposal it shall have my prompt attention.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, George Clark Medd, Manager.

Name
Address
Occupation
Age next birthday
Sum to be assured £

Our correspondent expresses his astonishment that the directors of "the Albert," who, he observes, are not mere men of business, but "real swells"—noblemen, generals, and the like—should descend to practices which have hitherto been confined to quack doctors, German lottery-keepers, money lenders, tombstone makers, and vendors of feeding bottles, nursing aprons, baby jumpers, and perambulators. It is surely rather impudent in Mr. George Clark Medd, manager of "the Albert," to address the newly-

CATTLE STRAYING.

Cattle straying and lying about on highways have recently been the subject of an important legal consideration and decision. Last June Mr. Lawrence, a farmer at Hatfield, was summoned by the Herts police for allowing 16 sheep and 12 lambs to be in the high road, contrary, as they alleged, to the Highway Act of 1864. For this offence Mr. Lawrence was fined a penny per head, or 2s. 4d., and 16s. 6d. costs. Upon this decision Mr. Lawrence requested that a case for a Superior Court might be granted. This was done, and the law touching the question raised was fully argued a few days since before the Court of Queen's Bench. The interpretation of the Act referred to by the judges who formed the Court is so clear and decisive that we give their decision in full, as reported by a legal contemporary:—

"BLACKBURN, J.—I am of opinion that the Justices were right both in their decision and the grounds which they assign for it. The offence created by the 5 and 6 Wm. IV., c. 50, s. 74, was the wandering, straying, or lying, or depasturing of cattle on a highway 'without a keeper.' That section is repealed by the 27 and 28 Vict., c. 101, s. 25, which instead thereof enacts that if any horse, sheep, &c., is at any time found straying on, or lying about any highway, or across any part thereof, the owners shall be subject to certain penalties; with a proviso saving rights of pasture on the sides of any highway; and in this section the words of the repealed section 'without a keeper' do not occur. It seems clear that by this alteration of the language, the Legislature meant to create another and different offence by the latter enactment, and that under it the offence is complete when cattle are

BREAKING ONE'S FAST.

THERE are many people who consider breakfast a matter of no importance. In their opinion it is a waste of time, and, at the best, only an opportunity for drinking tea, or coffee, or cocoa. But the most distinguished medical men hold a very different opinion. They will tell you that breakfast is the great meal of the day. By its aid a solid foundation is laid for the day. The *blase* and dyspeptic naturally evince a dislike for tea and coffee, because the former irritates and excites the nervous system, while coffee inflames the blood, and the system is not in the least benefited by its use. Mr. Gladstone, by his famous treaty with France, introduced the light wines of that country into England; but nothing will ever induce Englishmen to use them generally as a breakfast beverage. In the olden time, our ancestors are said to have indulged in prodigious breakfasts, of which beef and ale formed a chief portion. Their constitutions were not better than ours, but they were able to bear such hearty meals because they were so much out in the open air. Commerce had not then developed itself, and sedentary occupations were the exception, and not the rule. Some few years ago this question, "What shall we drink at breakfast time?" occupied considerable part of the attention of the public. Very properly, too, it did so. At a critical moment cocoa was introduced, but, owing to its inferior preparation, did not find much favour with the community at large. The homeopaths, we believe we are correct in asserting, were among the first, if not the very first, to speak of the excellent properties of cocoa. At all events, it is a notorious fact that Mr. James Epps was the first to prepare cocoa in a manner to make it palatable to the general



WHITSUN MONDAY IN THE PLEASURE GARDENS—"TAKING TEA IN THE ARBOUR."

married Brown as "dear sir," to style Brown's honeymoon "the most eventful period of his history," and to impress upon him that by insuring heavily in the Albert he will materially contribute to his future happiness.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

PARK-LANE.—In the House of Commons, Mr. Woodd reported from the Committee on Group 1A of Private Bills that in the case of the Park-lane Improvement Bill, they had agreed to the following special report:—"The Committee are unanimously of opinion that the inconvenience at present experienced from the overcrowded state of the traffic of Park-lane would be best obviated by opening up Hamilton-place as a thoroughfare for public traffic, with a width of not less than sixty feet roadway, to be obtained by removing the houses and other buildings on the eastern side."

"NO THOROUGHFARE."—A French dramatic version of "No Thoroughfare," under the title "L'Abîme," has been produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, in Paris. It differs considerably from the play as represented at the Adelphi. Mr. Fechter has been for some time in Paris superintending the production of this piece, and Mr. Charles Dickens was present at its first representation.

LET not your hat spread a false report to your discredit: for of a truth, a shocking bad one tells tales—it bespeaks a small banking account and a purse at a very low ebb. Therefore our advice is this—GO TO THE WESTERN HAT COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE, 403, OXFORD-STREET, just three doors from the new entrance to the SOHO BAZAAR, and try one of their celebrated Parrot-napped Hats, at a price that can scarcely be felt.—[ADVT.]

THE HAIR.—All its beauty may be retained, and although grey it may be restored by using Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. Price Six shillings. Her Zylobilassum at Three shillings will beautify the hair of the young.—European Depot, 266, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]

found 'straying on or lying about any highway,' whether with or without a keeper.

"MELLOR, J.—I am of the same opinion. The Legislature seems to have advisedly omitted the words 'without a keeper' from section 25 of the latter Act, and this must have been done with the intention of altering the law as it stood under the repealed enactment. I think, therefore, that upon the proper construction of section 25, the respondent is entitled to judgment.'

Thus it will be perceived the decision of the county magistrates was confirmed. On the whole we may congratulate the agricultural interest on the termination of this case, as it will stand as a precedent, which cannot be mistaken. Occasional inconvenience will happen to farmers who have "green lanes" or wide green swards open to the high road, but the cases when the safety of a farmer's stock will not more than counterbalance any loss which

may be sustained from their inability to feed off road-sides, will be few and far between. Contagious diseases have been greatly disseminated by the circulation of stock along roads. Small cattle dealers generally fix on a centre for their operations where commons or "green lanes" and wide roads are near. Here animals which have fallen lame from disease and driving are placed under the charge of boy, to crawl about for weeks, perhaps past the fields

in which the healthy cattle and sheep of neighbouring farmers are confined. In some parishes animals are frequently sent about at a "snail's pace," that they may feed by the wayside under an excuse that they are being driven somewhere. Now that we are in earnest about rules for governing the importation of foreign cattle, this decision, as it will influence the home trade, is most opportune. If it do no more than keep unprincipled cattle dealers within due bounds, any loss which farmers are likely to sustain under this decision will be more than returned to them in the more uniform health of their stock.

GRAY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMEON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

public. This distinguished chemist has, by his exertions and scientific experiments, produced an article of diet which the Faculty are unanimous in declaring to be unrivalled. Epps's cocoa deserves cordial recognition. It is perfect in every way. The invalid and the strong, robust man alike find it invaluable. It provides the strong man with the power of resisting fatigue; it purifies the blood of the invalid, and strengthens his debilitated system. Cocoa has now become so important an article of consumption, that it may be classed amongst a shopkeeper's most reliable goods. When this is the case in the demand, every year increases the supply; it therefore behoves the public to see that they are not imposed upon by spurious imitations and deleterious compounds. If they will be careful always to ask for Epps's cocos, they may rely upon obtaining the best that is made. It has been tested over and over again by the Faculty, and can defy any competition. Those of our readers who have not yet made a practical acquaintance with the valuable properties of Epps's cocoa are strongly recommended to do so without any further delay. It is destined, without a long lapse of time, to take the place of tea and coffee, which it already rivals, on the breakfast-table of rich and poor. It is not only for its pleasing taste and staying properties that it is so invaluable, but its after effect upon the system and the spirits is so marked as to be perceptible after a few days' use.

THE POPE'S GUARD.—A contemporary publishes an analysis of the strange conglomeration of nationalities composing the Pope's Guard of Zouaves. It numbers 4,593 members, amongst whom there are 1,910 Dutch, 1,301 French, 686 Belgians, 157 Romans, and other Pontifical subjects, 135 Canadians, 101 Irish, 87 Prussians, 50 English, 32 Spaniards, 22 Germans, 19 Swiss, 14 Americans, 14 Neapolitans, 12 Modeneses, 12 Poles, 10 Scotch 6 Tuscans, 6 Portuguese, 3 Maltese, 2 Russians, and a South Sea Islander, an Indian, an African, a Peruvian, a Mexican, and a Circassian.

EDWARD DWYER, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn and of the Northern Circuit, barrister-at-law, has been appointed a puisne judge of the Supreme Court at the Cape of Good Hope.

A GOOD CHARACTER LOST.

ABRAHAM PEEL, an auxiliary letter-carrier in the General Post Office, was charged with stealing a book parcel and several newspapers.

The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Peacock, of the Post Office solicitor's office, who stated that it was with great regret the Post Office authorities found themselves compelled to prosecute in this most painful case; but the complaints made of non-delivery of packets and newspapers rendered it necessary for the protection of the public. The prisoner had hitherto borne an excellent character. He had been 22 years in the army (47th and 60th Rifles), and was discharged with a pension of £s. 11*½*d. a day, and a good-conduct medal. He was now staff-sergeant at the Militia Barracks, Shrubland-road, Dalston, at £s. a week, with free quarters, consisting of three rooms. In that capacity he had some leisure at his disposal, for which he had found occupation by engaging himself as an auxiliary letter-carrier and assistant sorter. He was paid 10*s.* a week for three hours' work per day. He had thus an income of 30*s.* a week and lodgings free. He had, however, yielded to temptation and sacrificed the reputation of a life for a book and some newspapers, worth together but a few pence.

Ernest Kerr Willis, a letter-carrier, stated that at about half-past five o'clock on Friday evening the prisoner was on duty as assistant sorter, collecting packets for the sorting table, and taking them to the dividing room of the Great-Eastern division. Witness saw him putting a parcel back into its cover. He suspected something wrong, and watched the prisoner, who took another parcel in a red cover from the sorting table, and dropped it into a basket.

THEODORE'S LAST MOMENTS.

THE *Patris* prints what purports to be an Abyssinian version of the last moments of Theodore. The report commences by praising the loyal and generous conduct of England; "for, whilst regretting the monarch who was our friend and who now reposes in immortality, we must render homage to the courage and skill of the conquerors." On learning that the English had disembarked, Theodore thought that they would march on his capital by way of the fertile plains of Dembea, the entrance to which he was prepared to defend. He regarded the occupation of Sennar as a *ruse de guerre* to make him abandon the formidable positions he held, and did not move. This is why the English accused Theodore of indecision. He refused to listen to his spies, and when doubt was no longer possible it was too late. His cavalry remained at Amarrha, and with 22,000 musketeers he marched on Magdala. He tried to defend the defiles, but there was no longer time; the advanced guard appeared. His generals, too, were discouraged, and, gorged with gold, abandoned their chief in his extremity. The number of Abyssinians buried amounted to 757, whilst 2,139 were wounded. "To the rifle and the steel gun the victory must be in a great measure attributed; but—why should we not say so?—the English soldiers (English is underlined) displayed great bravery and intrepidity during the assault, and were humane towards the prisoners and wounded. Accustomed to bloody reprisals, the Abyssinians expected to be massacred. The severe discipline of the English army in preventing excesses and useless cruelty has won for itself the admiration of the conquered. Amongst the dead were seven balantcheras or men who resembled Theodore, and were purposely dressed like him, and one general-

last King of Ethiopia.—To conquer Theodore God said to th^e nation which holds under its sceptre more than half the universe: Go and unite your armies and fleets, I shall be with you: we will fight together and will crush him. It has been so. Should England keep the empire of my Abyssinian warriors, war to the oppressors. If they retire, I desire that my son Mechecha may succeed me; and I, Emperor, say to him—Be the friend of those to whom God hath given the victory, for they know how to protect their friends; be the friend of those warriors, for they are invincible. The other . . . jackals are afraid of the English. Mechecha, be great as thy father, and fear the Trinity.

This narrative is signed by Count R. du Biason, a traveller in Abyssinia, who was always on friendly terms with its late ruler, and not in favour of the English expedition.

SEWAGE DEPOSITS.

THE filling up of the Thames by the sewage deposits was the subject of some conversation at meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The Chairman, after some strong observations on the misrepresentation which he said had appeared in the papers, called upon the engineer to state his belief as to the actual deposit which existed. Mr. Bazalgette accordingly said the northern outfall sewer was permanently open in 1864, and the southern outfall in April, 1865. The Thames Conservators made soundings of that part of the river in 1860 and 1861, and again in 1867, and the Metropolitan Board of Works made soundings nearly over the same ground in 1864 and 1867. As far as these bore comparison they showed that very consider-



GREENWICH PARK ON WHITSUN MONDAY.

After moving the basket several times from place to place, he at last took the parcel out and put it in his pocket. Witness told Mr. Swift, the inspector.

Mr. Swift, inspector of letter carriers, said, upon the information given him by last witness, he called the prisoner into his room, and asked him if he had any parcels in his pocket. He said he had, but it was only paper. He produced the red-covered parcel, which contained a book and was addressed to a lady in Jersey. He said it was his own. Witness asked him if he had any more. He said he had not. The officer, Crocker, was called in to search him. He then fell on his knees, and begged witness to forgive him.

Crocker produced the book, and also two papers found on the prisoner, one a copy of the *Daily Telegraph*, and one of a religious paper called the *Rock*, and several other papers, chiefly *Books*, found at his lodgings.

He was remanded for further inquiry.

OBSTRUCTIONS ON THE FOOTWAYS.

A FEW weeks since a note appeared in a contemporary, calling attention to the nuisance and obstruction on the footways of overhanging awnings and sunblinds. Sir Richard Mayne shortly after issued the following notice:—Every person who shall set up or continue any pole, blind, awning, line, or any other projection from any window, parapet, or other part of any house, shop, or other building so as to cause any annoyance or obstruction in any thoroughfare, is liable to a penalty of 40*s.* for every such offence (2 and 3 Vict. c. 47, s. 60 (7).) If the nuisance be continued after this notice, it will be the duty of the police to take steps to enforce the law." This not having had the desired effect, Inspector Taylor of the N division has summoned at the Clerkenwell Police-court no less than forty tradesmen of Upper-street Islington, and the surrounding neighbourhood, and the cases having been made out, Mr. Barker has only ordered the costs to be paid, but at the same time he intimated that if that does not check the nuisance he should inflict the full penalty.

in-chief. The Abyssinians thought on the 15th that the English would remain in the country, and they desired this. The generosity of the conquerors, their brilliant triumph, and their respect for property caused it to be foreseen that under their administration there would be liberty, fortune, and protection for commerce, industry, and agriculture. They feared anarchy if the country were evacuated. Theodore did not commit suicide. Having witnessed the destruction of his army, and having searched dead in vain amid ball and shell, when he saw the head of the enemy's column cross the breach he understood that his last hour was come; he saw that resistance was impossible, and that he was about to be made prisoner. This reflection made him roar (*rugir*). If the English captives had been still in his power, their death would have been certain. In a fit of fury, or rather madness, he ordered their extermination, forgetting that they were free in the English camp. On seeing his power fleeting from him with the blood of his soldiers, contemplating his empire destroyed, his dynasty overturned, his reign finished, two streams of tears coursed down his cheeks; the muscles of his face and chest were contracted with pain, and his limbs writhed in mute despair. His bitter sufferings should atone for many of his crimes. Two balantcheras, pistol in hand, stood silently waiting his order. He gave his will to Emghedo. Crossing his arms over his breast he prayed; then with a hollow voice he repeated several times, 'Ethiopia! Ethiopia! my wife! my children!' The gate, trembling under the blows of the assailants, was giving way. Proudly raising his head, Theodore drew his sword to perish like a European. 'In the bosom of the Trinity,' said he to the balantcheras, 'fire.' They both aimed at his head, but Emghedo's courage failed, and his arm fell inert. Area alone obeyed, and his bullet broke the skull of Africa's bravest warrior. The balantcheras remained by the body of their master expecting death. At this moment the gate was broken in, and the English soldiers, drunk with blood and carnage, rushed forward. Emghedo showed them the lifeless body of Theodore. At this sight the soldiers, stupefied, let fall their arms, and the two guards were saved." The will was copied and distributed to such officers as had remained faithful.

THEODORE'S WILL.—In the name of the Trinity, Theodore,

able accumulations took place in the river prior to the opening of the main drainage works, and their effect is further vouchered for by many persons well acquainted with the river. On the north side, half a mile above Barking, banks were continually forming, and on both sides of the river the mud banks are rapidly being washed into the stream by the action of the tide and steamboats. Last year, accumulations of mud in the docks of the Royal dockyards at Woolwich were washed into the river by the newly invented mud-distributor, and there are many other sources from which such accumulations are made. The mud banks or shoals are continually shifting, in some places falling and in others deepening the channel, according to the variations of wind and weather. Any deposit which may now be cast into the river from the outfall was formally discharged upon the banks through numerous outlets, whence it was much more difficult and costly to remove it. The total amount of accumulation has been very much overstated.

HER MAJESTY'S LEVEE.—The Prince of Wales, on behalf of Her Majesty, held a levee on Saturday at St. James's Palace. His Royal Highness, attended by his gentlemen-in-waiting, was escorted by a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards from Marlborough House, and was received at the Palace by the great officers of State of the Royal Household. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived from Gloucester House, attended by Colonel Clifton. The diplomatic circle was attended by most of the ambassadors and ministers now in town, and the general circle included the Prime Minister, the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Buckingham, Sir S. Northcote, Bart., and other members of the Government. The number of presentations was considerable. It is not stated whether there will be another levee this season, but it is thought that this will be the last.

WOMEN UPON THE VOTERS' LIST.—The Salford overseers have come to an important decision respecting the franchise, which may possibly save Mr. Mill and others some trouble. They have decided to place all women properly qualified upon the voters' list. It remains to be seen what the revising barrister will say to the decision of the overseers.

THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.—The Ladies' Champion—A Hero of Romance—A Co-Operative Movement. Seven.
PRINCESS S.—Richelieu at Sixteen—Fio's First Frolic—Nobody's Child. Seven.
LYCEUM—Japanese Troupe Imperial. Eight.
ST. JAMES'S—FRENCH PLAYS.—Les Jeunesse de L'Amour—Le Marchand de Programmes—Lischen et Fritchen. Half-past Eight.
OLYMPIA.—Anything for a Change—Black Sheep—Un Anglaise Timide—The Critic. Seven.
ADELPHI.—Go to Putney—No Thoroughfare. Seven.
STRAND.—Sisterly Service—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Marriage at Any Price. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Silent Protector—Play—Done on Both Sides. Eight.
NEW QUEEN'S.—Mary Jones—Still Waters Run Deep—Paul Pry. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Daddy Gray—The Merry Zingara—The Clockmaker's Hat. Half-past Seven.
HOLBORN.—Foul Play—Honeydove's Troubles. Half-past Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism, &c. Eight.
STANDARD.—Professor Anderson and his Four Daughters: the World of Magic, Marvels of Second Sight, Novelties the most Astounding. Eight.
BRITANNIA.—The War in Abyssinia—Jack O'Lantern.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone, Dull Care." Eight.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave Doré's Great Paintings. Eleven till Six. The Hall is lighted with gas day and night.
GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ROOMS, Holborn.—Half-past Eight.
POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Mr. Heller's Entertainment.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-n-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnaean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

MUD.

We are removing our sewage from London, and it is accumulating in the Thames, near Barking, and blocking up the river. The chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works is puzzled. He does not know what to do. Sir John proposes that the Board should "employ some chemist of good acknowledged standing and ability" to examine and report on the subject. But is not Dr. Letheby a chemist answering to this description? Is it not on record that Dr. Letheby has analysed three samples of the sewage mud which now obstructs the channel of the river, and did not Dr. Letheby report that "The mud in each case was black and fetid, and in a state of active putrefactive decomposition?" When examined with the microscope it was found to consist of broken-up sewage matter and the remains of myriads of animalcules, and a large quantity of carbonate of lime in a partly crystalline state." This same Dr. Letheby was employed in examining the mud of the river in 1858, at the instance of three engineers, one of whom was Mr. Bazalgette himself, and on that occasion no such mud was found as that which now expatriates the flounders and shrimps at Barking Creek, and creates shoals big enough to strand a vessel. Dr. Letheby goes on to observe—"By undergoing putrefactive decomposition the mud which is accumulating in such large quantities at the sewer outfalls may be a cause for serious alarm, especially as it there meets with sea water, the sulphates of which may, by their chemical decomposition by the putrefying mud, occasion the escape of much sulphuretted hydrogen, and set up that remarkably offensive change which is characteristic of the action of sewage upon sea water." Was Mr. S. W. Leach, the engineer to the Thames Conversators, guilty of exaggeration when he reported a year ago that the "deposit" from which Dr. Letheby obtained his sample was several feet in depth, covering a space of more than forty acres near the northern outfall, and about 120 acres near the southern outfall; Sir John Thwaites gladly falls back on the statement of Mr. Charles Reed in the Court of Common Council. Mr. Reed is not only a common councilman, but also a member of the Thames Conservancy Board. He declares that "At no period

during the present year has the river been in a better state than at present." The assertion exhibits all the discretion which is proper to a gentleman who belongs to two public bodies, and Sir John Thwaites must be thankful for small mercies when quoting such a statement. We see, on the testimony of Mr. Leach and Dr. Letheby, what was the state of affairs a year ago, and we are comforted by the assurance that if things are no better now, at least they are no worse. Then we have the evidence of Mr. Saunders, common councilman and member of the Metropolitan Board, who stated at the Guildhall that the board "knew of nothing that was likely to cause apprehension or endanger the public health." "It was a noteworthy fact," said Mr. Saunders, "that the workmen engaged at the outfall were especially free from disease." Possibly the vicinity of the outfalls will shortly be deemed a most desirable site for villa residences. But if so, why need we have any outfall sewers at all? If sewage is wholesome what an extravagant error has London been guilty of in diverting the sewage from the river banks within the metropolitan area, and taking it down to Barking and Crossness! That there is a deposit of some kind in the river, even Sir John Thwaites acknowledges. But we are told by Sir John, "Clearly there was not an increase of the deposit in the Thames, because they had only gathered up the sewage in the upper part of the river, and ejected it at the lower point." We are delighted with the candour of this statement. Sir John states a fact and draws an inference. The inference may be wrong, but the fact is unquestionable. Nothing could more clearly describe what the Metropolitan Board have done for London at a cost exceeding four millions sterling. They have, indeed, "only gathered up the sewage in the upper part of the river, and ejected it at the lower point." It may also be true that there is no increase in the amount of matter deposited in the Thames, though we are prepared to show certain reasons inducing a contrary belief. But granting that the total deposit is just what it was before, it is, at least, "as clear as mud" that a vast difference exists between the distribution of this sediment along several miles of the foreshore, and the concentration of the whole of it within the space of a mile or two. It is just this process which has created the formidable sewage shoals in Barking Reach, and which is heaping up a mass of filth at that point sufficient to terrify any one who does not possess the iron nerves and Herculean constitution peculiar to members of the Metropolitan Board and the workmen thereof. But what says Mr. Bazalgette in his report of last Friday? The engineer follows the chairman. "Any deposit which may now be cast into the river from the outfall was formerly discharged upon the banks through numerous outlets, whence it was much more difficult and costly to remove it." Of course, this is true. The simplicity of the statement would provoke a smile were it not that London may be poisoned by such complacent engineering. Of course, the sewage at the outfall is that which formerly festered on the river banks higher up, and which every summer made the river increasingly foul and odious. To get rid of this intolerable nuisance the Metropolitan Board was called into existence—a board which may be said to have sprung from sewage as Venus sprang from the foam of the sea. But the Board having carried all the nastiness down to Barking, would have us believe that when there it is perfectly harmless—rather wholesome than other wise, and an affair which need cause no "apprehension." "The total amount of accumulation has been very much overstated," says Mr. Bazalgette. How does Mr. Bazalgette prove this? We have the testimony of Mr. Leach, and we have the very forcible petition from the people of Barking—a petition which is just now engaging the attention of the Home Secretary. Sir John Thwaites and Mr. Bazalgette appear to dispute the identity of the deposit. There is mud in the river; and there was always mud somewhere or other, just as there was always sewage, if not in one place at least in another. But this is not a "special deposit," says Sir John. We say that it is, and point to the report of Dr. Letheby, as well as to the facts detailed in the Barking memorial. We also summon another witness. The editor of the *Field*, laudably anxious for the safety of the fishes, commissioned a gentleman "conversant with these matters" to inspect the river from Crossness down to the sea. The consequent examination lasted several days, and the editorial comment runs thus:—"We regret to say his report is, that the calamity with which the Thames is threatened is imminent, and fraught with especial alarm to the inhabitants of London." The explorer went down the river in a boat, plunging a surveying pole into the stream as he passed along. In this way he gauged the sewage heaps to a depth of eight, nine, and ten feet, and of the nature of "the stuff" there could not be the slightest doubt. It was in the river, and was on the shores, and was traced almost as far as Dagenham. The damage done to the Barking fisheries is described as most serious, and the danger to the public health is referred to in the strongest terms. To sever these facts from the main drainage works is impossible. Not even Mr. Bazalgette can accomplish such a task. As to whose duty it is to remove this nuisance, or who should pay for it, we scarcely care to decide. The only remedy is to abate the cause—to turn the sewage on to the land, where it is wanted, and not into the river, where its presence is fraught with evils quite as dire as those which the Metropolitan Board profess to cure, and for the treatment of which the metropolis has already been charged with an enormous bill.

NEW MUSIC.—"Let there be Light." Sacred Song, by S. Heine; composed by W. Wilson. London: Morgan and Co., Baker-street.—This is a very elegant and pretty piece of music, which cannot fail to please.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE DEBBY LOTTERY.
We see no moral reason whatever which will distinguish the purchase or sale of a lottery ticket, or a bet for or against a horse, from any other sacrifice of cash in pursuit of amusement. Archbishop Whately thought he had found one, but his dictum that a bet is an effort to obtain money without giving an adequate equivalent is absurd. So is any amusement whatever which bores the spectator. Moreover, an equivalent is given in the shape of a chance which the gamester can estimate, and is, willing of his own accord to buy. It may be an extremely foolish amusement, but most amusements are foolish, and within easily defined limits a man has a right to play the fool, and is often the better for doing it. Imagine "a human being with an immortal soul" wasting three hours a week in trying to drive wooden balls under iron hoops! yet the curates who use that absurd phrase—absurd because immortality has nothing to do with the matter—do so waste their time, and are the more human—that is the better pastime—for so wasting it. The moral argument is too weak to bear such a strain, but the argument from expediency against betting is terribly, almost irresistibly, strong. The most highly organized States have suppressed lotteries and public gaming tables, because the possibility of becoming rich without industry or preparation demoralizes their population, offers a temptation before which the energy, the honesty, and even the intellect of men, show a tendency to give way. Open a State lottery in London to-morrow, or any lottery in which the mass of people can and will invest, and the honesty of all employees will be perceptibly diminished, the impatience of monotonous toil will visibly increase, and the tendency to the superstition of chance, a very dangerous and fascinating superstition, will be indefinitely strengthened.—*Spectator.*

DWELLINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

We are inclined to hope that Mr. Torrens's bill for improving the dwellings of the working classes will pass as an experimental law, but to doubt whether the experiment will be very greatly successful. The evil to be met is a huge one—namely, the inability of London to hold its population unless it is raised higher into the air, and we fear in the end much stronger and more comprehensive measures will be required. The way out of the difficulty is to be found in an extension of two measures already sanctioned by Parliament—the Lodging-house Act, and the Act offering loans of money to the builders of houses for the poor. If a properly constituted authority were allowed to condemn small districts one at a time as unfit for human habitation, and such districts were then cleared by the Dwelling-house Associations and covered with their lofty dwellings out of capital lent by the State, the gradual relief would no doubt be very great—so great, that we might in a few years carry the Lodging-house Act to its logical conclusion, and absolutely prohibit overcrowding beyond the limit of health—viz. 500 cubic feet of air to each sleeper. But any measure short of this will fail to meet the tremendous conditions of the problem to be solved, conditions entirely without a precedent in the history of the world—namely, to house decently in space already overcrowded the 80,000 immigrants who add themselves every year to the population. The present bill may work well in Liverpool, or Manchester, or Norwich, where local authority is very strong, and it is possible to extend the area to be built upon, but it is to be feared it will prove inadequate to its great object—the more decent housing of the poor of the metropolis.—*Economist.*

PARLIAMENTARY MANNERS.

A man is always petulant, irritable, and offensive when he knows that he is in a discreditable position. This is the case just now with the House of Commons. Last year it passed a Reform Bill which three-fourths of the House disliked or vehemently suspected. This year the Opposition has affected a false and simulated unanimity in favour of a measure for which there is little real enthusiasm, and which, had they been in office, they would never have proposed; while, as regards the Ministerial benches, there is an all but universal feeling that a great constitutional party is being once more tricked. And it is because neither side chooses to avow its secret convictions that it shows on every occasion its soreness and spite and sense of humiliation. Coarse language, unfeeling and precipitate action, are only the outward form and expression of a deep, inward sense of degradation. Parliament is ill-tempered and ill-mannered because it knows that it is in a false position. One member would not call his friends a rabble, nor would another salute his allies as yelping hounds, unless the sense of humiliation was on either side very keen and piercing. There are the inward sores rankling in the breasts of the parliamentary leaders, and it is not to be wondered at that the camp-followers exhibit more than the usual tongue and license of the sutler's booth.—*Saturday Review.*

TURKISH DIFFICULTIES.

An important question of law and good government is raised by the anomalous position of numerous colonies of Christian vagabonds that infest the trading cities of the Ottoman empire and Egypt. These emigrants, by being amenable only to the law of their own country, and by living under the protection which their consuls cannot refuse them, often set the administration of all law at defiance. The privileges enjoyed by these pests of the Levant are guaranteed by treaties with the Porte, and though they are incompatible with the existence of good government, it is impossible for the Christian Powers to suppress them until legal tribunals exist in Turkey which can execute justice alike on the most powerful Mussulman and the poorest Christian. It is a matter of vital importance that there should be no delay in establishing the supremacy of the law; the man and the system to effect it must be found. The other great administrative difficulties of the empire, the military service of Christians, and the lavish expenditure of the Imperial household, are matters of detail which may be corrected by the power of public opinion. The new Imperial organisation lately promulgated was necessary to infuse fresh energy into the Government; but it is a very short step in the right direction merely to create a Grand Council of seven members, and a Council of State of forty, with large salaries. Such men are not likely to be an echo of the voice of nations that will arrest the attention of the Sultan; yet time presses, and he may lose much if he cannot be induced to listen quickly.—*Saturday Review.*

THE SITE FOR THE NEW LAW COURTS.

It is impossible to avoid perceiving the vast superiority of the site for the new law courts which might be obtained along the course of the Thames Embankment, between King's College and the Temple. From Waterloo-bridge to the Temple we might then have a long line of imposing architecture. We should, in fact, provide a continuation of Somerset House; and in so doing we should be repeating our most successful public building. Two good approaches, north and south, will be ready to hand in the Strand and the road along the Embankment. The courts will be within easy reach of Westminster, and the Metropolitan District Railway would bring suitors and witnesses to their very doors. The cost, it is said, would far exceed the present estimate, and we should sacrifice the large sum we have already expended. But it would be more wasteful to go to the vast expense which still awaits us on a bad site than to make some present sacrifice for a permanent advantage. It is doubtful, however, whether the additional expense would be great. The site we have already acquired is probably worth something like its purchase money, and its value will be greatly raised by its proximity to the future courts of law. The chief argument of Lord John Manners is that the Legislature has

already decided on the Carey-street site, which is no answer to a representation that the Legislature has decided wrongly. In fact, the only argument of any value adduced by the official speakers was that the change would entail a further delay of three or four years. Considering the equanimity with which the delay of the past few years has been alike inflicted and endured, there is no reason to doubt that it could be endured a little longer; and it would be unreasonable, after such tedious hesitation, to mar our work by a sudden fit of hastiness.—*Times*.

THE COMING DISSOLUTION.

There is considerable reluctance on the part of many hon. members to face the household suffrage voters. They know that their seats are insecure, and would certainly be lost if an election were to take place as soon as November. They fancy that if the dread season were put off for two or three months the country would have time to cool down after the excitement caused by the recent debates on the Irish Church. They believe that Englishmen and Scotchmen would eventually care less for the details of Irish politics, and that weak-kneed Liberals might then safely appear on the hustings without the fear of their being damned by the evidence of their recent votes. The best way to overcome all obstacles in the way of every dissolution would be, as Mr. Gladstone proposes, to appoint a Select Committee, which should investigate the difficulties of the position and devise the fitting remedy.—*Telegraph*.

THE BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

If the report of the Select Committee receives the sanction of the House, the total result of the Boundary Commission will be that of eighty-one old boroughs in which extensions of boundary were recommended by the commissioners, those extensions will take place in accordance with such recommendations in fifty-nine. Of the remaining twenty-two fifteen will remain as they are at the present moment, no extension of the boundary being made, and seven will undergo modified extension. Nine of the ten boroughs constituted by the Act of last year were modified in shape by the commissioners' recommendations, and in six of those cases their recommendations are accepted; in three, further modifications are suggested in them. Even now, modified as the committee suggest by a compromise which does credit to the desire of each side to complete the Reform Act, the bill will leave the balance more heavily weighted than before on the territorial side.—*Daily News*.

CHARGE OF MANSLAUGHTER.

JOHN O. DONALD, 28, described as a labourer, residing at 5, Blackhorse-fields, Deptford, was brought before Mr. Burcham, charged with causing the death of John Rowland, 33, by assaulting him on the 16th ult.

Sergeant Harsen, 9 M., said that an inquest was held on the body of the deceased, on Friday evening, when the jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against the prisoner. Witness according apprehended him on the charge.

Mary Rowland, the wife of the deceased, said that on Saturday night, the 16th ult. her husband was assisted home, when he complained of injuries to his left side. His left arm was disabled, and could hardly breathe. Witness took him to a chemist's, who gave him some medicine. On the Tuesday he went to the hospital, and on his return home he took to his bed, and became gradually worse. He told her he had been ill used by two men outside of a public-house. On Saturday he was removed to the workhouse, where he was kindly attended to, but died on Monday afternoon.

In answer to Mr. Burcham, the witness said that as soon as her husband came home he complained of difficulty in breathing, and said he was suffering great pain internally. On the Friday he became delirious.

Thomas Moreley, potman at the Fox and Goose public-house, Bermondsey, said, about half-past ten on Saturday night, the 16th ult., he saw the prisoner and the deceased quarrelling in the bagnette-room. Some time after that the prisoner came out bleeding from the face, followed by the deceased, who was the worse for liquor. He went into the street, pulled his coat off, and called the prisoner out to fight. The latter, who was very drunk, went out, and a moment afterwards he saw them struggling together, and they fell on the edge of the kerb, the deceased being underneath. When picked up, he had lost the use of his left arm, and walked away.

In reply to his worship, witness said the prisoner was so drunk that he could hardly stand, and might have fallen on the deceased without striking him.

Mr. Hugh Cudahan, M.D., residing at No. 9, Grange-road, said that he was the medical officer of Bermondsey Workhouse, and on Saturday, the 23rd ult., about half-past nine in the evening, he saw the deceased propped up in bed in the receiving ward. He was very pale, breathing quickly and with difficulty, rattling in the throat, and his skin was covered with a clammy perspiration. His pulse was small, frequent and fluttering. He was conscious at the time, and told him that his shoulder joint was put out. Witness concluded he was then sinking, and gave him generous diet and stimulants. On the following morning he saw him again, and noticed discolouration of the skin extending across the chest. In the evening he was still sinking, and on Monday he was dying. Since his death he had made a post-mortem examination of the body, and found the external appearance to be somewhat emaciated. The brain, heart, and liver were healthy. Each lung was very much diseased; the upper part of each solidified, showing an advanced state of inflammation. On the right side of the pleura there was inflammation. The right kidney was diseased of long standing. It was double the size, and double the weight of the natural kidney, showing a state of degeneration. The collar-bone had been fractured an inch and a half from the scapula end. He considered pneumonia and pleuritis to have been the proximate cause of death. The inflammation of the pleura was extensive. He had heard the symptoms mentioned by the deceased's wife. Those would be symptoms exhibited by a person suffering from inflammation of the lungs. A person suffering from such an extensive disease of the kidneys was predisposed to inflammation. The same cause which would produce inflammation in such a person would not produce it in a healthy person. He found more inflammation in the right lung than in the left. Supposing the inflammation to have been caused by the external injury he should have thought it to be on the opposite side.

In answer to Mr. Burcham, Dr. Cudahan stated that the wife of the deceased, in giving her evidence before the coroner, said nothing about his breathing being quick and difficult when he came home on Saturday, the 16th ult., when he alleged that he received the injury. Had she done so at the time he should have formed a different opinion. He considered that it was not at all likely that inflammation causing such difficulty could have been set up between the receipt of the injury and his return home. Having his attention called to that circumstance, he was of opinion that the inflammation had previously existed, and that it had been intensified by the injury. Supposing inflammation had set in, that might have been increased by the diseased condition of the kidneys, apart from any other circumstance. He should not, therefore, undertake to say whether the inflammation was increased by that circumstance apart from any consideration of external injury. His drunken habits would intensify such inflammation.

Mr. Burcham thanked Mr. Cudahan for his intelligent evidence, and the care and attention he had paid to the case. It was quite clear from the testimony that no indictment for manslaughter could stand against the prisoner; therefore he should discharge him. He was, however, liable to be arrested on the coroner's warrant, but no jury would convict him.

Soon after the prisoner left the court he was again taken into custody, and conveyed to Newgate to await his trial for the manslaughter, according to the terms of the coroner's warrant.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE OAKS.

FORMOSA, Lady Coventry, and Athena were placed first, second, and third for the Oaks, and not only are an encouragement to those who watch the results of public races and turn a deaf ear to reports of trials, but show that Lady Elizabeth's running in the Derby was no accident, and that she is worth, as somebody has remarked somewhere, about £50. The value of the Oaks is this year £5,450. The performances and winnings of the three "placed" are as follows:—It appears that Formosa has won six races out of twelve, and £13,800; Lady Coventry, one race out of five races, and £120; and Athena, eleven races out of the considerable number of nineteen, and £6,050. Persons fond of small but singular facts may derive something pleasurable or otherwise from the consideration that in the Derby the first three were all bays, and in the Oaks all chestnuts.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE DERBY AND OAKS.

FROM the beginning to the end of the chapter the Epsom week has been productive of startling inconsistencies and incredible results, fitting culminations to which were the fatal thunderstorm on Friday and the hissing which greeted Lady Elizabeth as she returned to the stand dejected and distressed after the Oaks. Never was witnessed such a revision of public feeling on a race-course; and certainly the demonstration could create no surprise, as the splendid filly about whom Dansbury advised their friends to even take 5 to 4 for the Derby, would not have won many of the selling races run during the four days. Good reason, forsooth, was there for the crack (?) to be sedulously guarded from the public eye until the starting time had arrived, for had this "bag of bones" cantered with the others she would instantly have retired to 10 to 1. I looked in vain for the muscle standing out in bold relief, and in vain did I look for the improvement which has been described in such powerful language, while I am actually lost in amazement when I think that this hapless daughter of Trumpeter was 12lb. superior to The Earl at Stockbridge. Had, however, they been allowed to meet at Epsom we should have seen another sight, and the veriest tyro in racing requires no telling that in her present condition Lady Elizabeth could not extend The Earl even in receipt of two stone. Yet the slashing descendant of Young Melburne, who had cleverly beaten Blue Gown, the tried champion of Kingsclere, in the Newmarket Biennial, was scratched at the eleventh hour, although it is now too painfully plain to his backers that he should have been at least in the first three, had he not rewarded their allegiance by gaining an absolute victory. Of course the Marquis of Hastings is not the entire master of his turf policy, and perhaps the unpopular and disgraceful act of the pen which evoked such unanimous and unmeasured dissent may be trace', not incorrectly, to another quarter. No excuse can be offered for the defeat of Lady Elizabeth, as she was perfectly calm at the post—in fact, suspiciously so, betraying no life and energy, and without once getting out of the last half-dozen she was hopelessly beaten before half a mile had been completed. If John Day really believed that Lady Elizabeth could win in the condition she came to Epsom, then he committed an error of judgment unpardonable in a man of his experience. I shall not easily forget the mortification so visible on Fordham's countenance when led back on the fallen favourite, and he immediately applied to the Marquis of Hastings to be released from his Friday's engagement. Bearing in mind the immense coup landed by Sir Joseph Hawley over Teddington, Beadsman, and Musjid, it is hard to realise the fact that he wins nothing over Blue Gown, although he stood raking stakes upon Rosicrucian and Green Sleave, which will satisfactorily explain the declaration to win with either of the last-named pair in preference to the son of Bas Bleu. The axiom that you can have too much of a good thing applies with great force to race horses, for had Sir Joseph Hawley possessed Blue Gown alone he would doubtless have netted a handsome sum, while as it was Rosicrucian and Green Sleave were so much better than him before the Middle Park Plate that the Blue Gown bets were hedged in the winter, and Sir Joseph barely covers his losses on the pair of browns. What a "moral" the "blue ribbon" would have been for my first love, Rosicrucian, had he escaped the faddish influenza, is now a plain matter of fact, and under all circumstances he performed respectably, so he should yet add to the fame of the brilliant cherry jacket, whose interests are so faithfully served by Porter and Wells. The former was warmly congratulated at having trained his first Derby winner, and certainly a filly never faced the starter than Blue Gown, while Wells rode in a style which has never been excelled, and made a splendid atonement for the unfortunate mistake at Doncaster. Many think that jockeys reversed the half-length verdict would have been in favour of King Alfred; but it is most unfair to blame Norman, as his object in coming such a tremendous "cracker" from Tattenham corner was to serve Suffolk, and when the latter failed to draw near King Alfred's throat was cut, and the mischief too late to be repaired. So much for the reliability of home trials, Suffolk having so much in hand of King Alfred, according to calculations, that the scion of King Tom found friends among the bookmakers alone, and had he improved a step upon the unenviable position obtained by his father in 1851 the ring would have literally skinned the lamb. As it was they were for the most part heavy losers, the largest share of the winnings being swallowed up by the public, who clung to Blue Gown through good and evil report, and Mr. Wright, of York-street, has to pay them through vouchers a sum exceeding £72,000. To give some idea of the Leviathan wagering now carried on, Mr. Steel parted in the course of Monday and Tuesday with £128,976 on Blue Gown, which includes Sir Joseph Hawley's hedging commission, while as an amusing incident I may mention that a dweller in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" travelled from Scotland by the mail on Wednesday night to draw his winnings from Messrs. Fisher and Reynolds on the following morning. The controversies which have raged so fiercely concerning the soundness of Pace were openly decided at last, as he broke down badly in his preliminary—an unfortunate accident for the Duke of Newcastle, who had tried the "Caterer" favourably with Speculum before they left Cheltenham, albeit the latter, returning to his City and Suburban form, ran into third situation, and perhaps the Biennial line with Grimston at Bath is even now correct, King Alfred having disposed of the pair with about equal ease. Orion exhibited speed without stamina, and Paul Jones much disappointed me; but he will, I think, yet vindicate my high opinion of him, and I expect to see See-Saw forward in a gallant fight before his career is ended. Setting aside the liking he displayed for the course in the Craven Stake, reflection only makes the second of King Alfred more marvellous, and in the present season we have received too many proofs to depend solely upon public form, or else the adherents of Ucacs and the Tom Bowline colt might undeservedly deplore the accidents which placed them *hors de combat*. The Leger, however, stares them both in the face, although with Blue Gown unentered Formosa is by me entitled to the leading market honour, the "couing through" style which Fordham pursued with her in the Oaks plainly proving that staying is her game, and the popular jockey thinks that had he adopted the same tactics in the Two Thousand, Moslem would not have made a dead heat. Formosa had everything "as dead as a stone" half a mile from home, cantering in a ten-lengths winner in Regalia fashion, and Mr. Graham was so delighted in gaining the "garter" a second time, that he presented Fordham with the handsome doceur of £500, having written a cheque for the amount before he left town. Both the filly and rider received an enthusiastic

reception upon returning to weigh in, which must have been peculiarly gratifying to Fordham after the Derby *fiasco*, although the height of his ambition, the "blue ribbon," is still unattained. With the only difference of Lady Coventry staying longer than Athena, the One Thousand running was confirmed to the letter, Virtue occupying the fifth place, as at Newmarket, while labouring lengths behind these toiled Lady Elizabeth, against whom an Acrobat demonstration broke out when she pulled up. Few, however, who witnessed and wondered at her peerless achievement with Julius in October could fail to pity the object of public censure, and I am sure all true thinking turfites will endorse my opinion that a screw was loose somewhere—in fact the Lady Elizabeth business is tainted with suspicion. The time may, in fact, come when she will show out in her true colours, and whether she can stay or not she is certain to return to the speed which carried her to victory in the Althorp Park Stakes at Northampton, the New Stakes at Ascot, the Troy Plate at Stockbridge, and the July Stakes at Newmarket. Some traces, too, are surely left of the stamina which made her at least the equal of Formosa in the Middle Park Plate, and surely she retains the gameness she displayed when in a "hand to heel" fight with Julius up the severe finish of the Rawley mile she beat him by a head, with at least 21lb. the worst of the weights. Lady Elizabeth is engaged in the Leger, and remembering how hopeless Achievement's chance looked after Epsom, and how easily she subsequently asserted her supremacy on the Town Moor, there is yet an opportunity for Lady Elizabeth to restore her fair fame, and re-establish the reputation of Danebury. Already the far-distant Slinger is invested with extraordinary interest, for in addition to those mentioned above, the names of Rosicrucian, Green Sleave, and The Earl crop up among the 241 subscribers, and if Rosicrucian is allowed to recruit his strength during the summer he will without doubt make a stir in the market. September, however, is the mares' month *par excellence*, and with legs which will stand plenty of strong work it would be mad prejudice to deny the substantial arguments upon which Formosa can base her claims. Mr. Merry has suffered the "slings and arrows of fortune" with such provoking alliterations since Thormanby, Dundee, Scottish Chief, and Backstone, were equine "giants in the land," that it is quite a novelty to see his yellow banner in front, and his Woodcock triumph, therefore, was certainly not begrimed. Belladrum, by Stockwell out of Catherine Hayes—rare blood on both sides—was named after Mr. Merry's shooting box in Scotland, and I shall be much surprised if he does not thicken into a colt of character.

REMARKABLE CASE OF ARSON.

MARY DEELE, a tall and well-dressed young Irishwoman, was placed in the dock on a charge of wilfully setting fire to the house of her master, Mr. Alfred Mell, of No. 11, Osborn-terrace, Clapham-road, and causing considerable damage and alarm.

Mr. Mays watched the case on behalf of the prisoner.

Mr. Mell stated that on Friday morning he left home as usual, but early in the day he was fetched back by his brother, when he found his house in the possession of the police and firemen.

The Witness was proceeding to describe the various places which had been on fire, when the prisoner fell down with great violence on the floor of the dock. She was immediately raised, when she appeared to be in a fainting fit, and the magistrate ordered her removal into the waiting-room for more air. After some delay she was again placed in the dock, and allowed to sit upon a chair.

Mr. Mell then stated that there had been a fire in the lumber-room on the dining-room floor by setting fire to a hamper of straw, and also in a cupboard under the staircase. He saw marks of fire on the kitchen stairs as if a lighted candle had been placed against them. There were similar marks on the drawing-room stairs. In one hole had been made, in which some matches and part of a paraffin candle had been placed. He questioned both servants about the fires. The prisoner denied all knowledge of them.

In answer to questions the witness further stated that the prisoner came into his service on Monday last on trial for a month. He took her from a servants' registry-office, and being in business, he had not had time to inquire after her character. His wife was an invalid. The nursemaid had been in his service since November last. He had not heard of any disagreement between the servants.

Emily Holte, a respectable-looking young woman, said she was in the service of the prosecutor as nursemaid, and was left at home with her mistress, the two children, and the prisoner. Between eleven and twelve o'clock she was in the nursery in the third floor, when she heard a knocking at the front door. She left the nursery for the purpose of opening the door, as she thought the prisoner was engaged, and when half-way down the stairs she found a large quantity of smoke rushing up, and it nearly suffocated her. She called out to know from where the smoke came, but no one answered. She then called out, "Is the house on fire?" And a man's voice replied, "It is." She then went to her mistress, who was in bed in a room on the drawing-room floor, her little boy being with her, and told her the house was on fire. Witness proceeded upstairs to the nursery, caught up the baby, and afterwards took both children into the street, where she waited until Mrs. Mell was dressed, and they all went into a neighbour's house. Witness returned and saw a gentleman who lived next door bring out a hamper of straw which was in flames. The lumber-room, from which it had been taken, was very hot and full of smoke. After the fire had been extinguished and the smoke had cleared away it was supposed that there was no further cause for alarm. She then went downstairs into the kitchen, where she saw the prisoner, and she appeared frightened about the fire. Soon afterwards an alarm was raised of there being smoke in the coal cellar, and also in the cupboard under the kitchen stairs. Water was thrown, and the fire was extinguished in those places. She went upstairs, and on going into the drawing-room she found it full of smoke and the easy chair on fire. After the arrival of the police Mrs. Mell's room was found full of smoke, and the bedding and curtains on fire. She went up into the nursery, but at that time there were no signs of fire. The witness also stated that she was out in the thunderstorm one part of the time, as she sent a telegram to her master, and when she returned she had to change her clothes. The police knocked, and she put on her dressing-gown, which was not then burnt, to go to the door. In the afternoon she found a hole burnt in it, and the bed in the nursery also burnt.

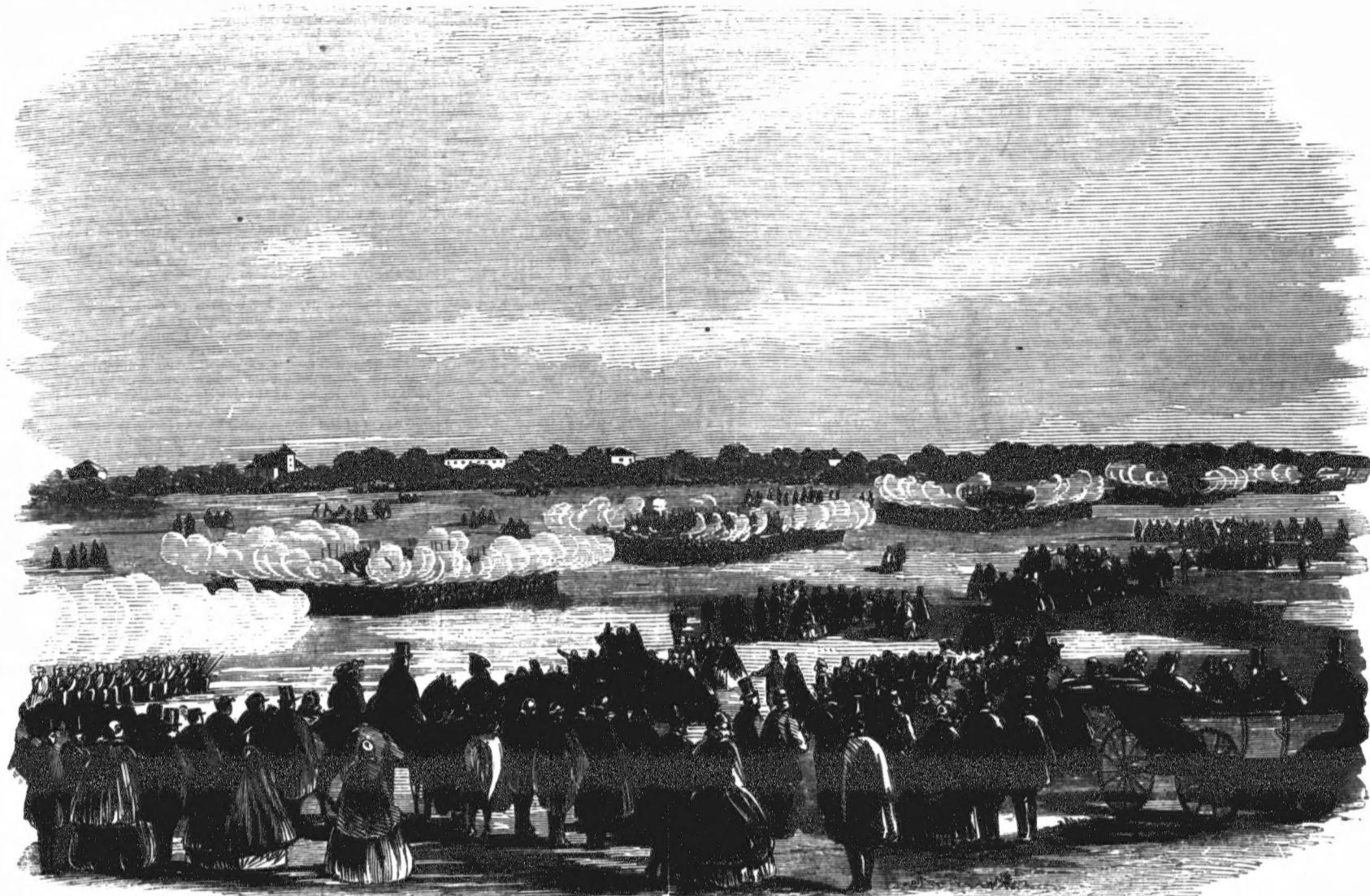
In cross-examination the witness said that when she spoke to the prisoner about the fire she seemed surprised, but she did not take much notice of her as she was so frightened. She afterwards recognised the voice which she first heard as that of the gentleman who lived next door. She did not know who let him into the house.

Policeman Farmer, 12, WR, said that at twelve o'clock on Friday he received information of the fire, and went to the prosecutor's house. He knocked at the door, and the prisoner let him in, and in answer to his question whether the fire was out, she said "Yes." There were two other persons in the house. He saw smoke, and went upstairs on to the drawing-room floor. He passed into Mrs. Mell's bedroom, but saw no fire in it. He next went into the drawing-room and found part of the rug and carpet burnt. He proceeded upstairs, but saw no fire there. On returning downstairs he found smoke in Mrs. Mell's bedroom, and the bedding on fire. Water was fetched, and he extinguished the fire. When he called out "Fire!" in the bed-room the prisoner came up and said, "I know nothing about it."

Mr. Dayman remanded the prisoner for other witnesses.



THE DERBY DAY.



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT PANSHANGER PARK.

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLI.

LORD BADDINGTON SUPS AND BREAKFASTS.

It was not through any feeling of pusillanimity that Pelly-blank-Ionides—Captain, Professor, and Doctor—had abandoned his friend under what may appear to have been critical circumstances. Cowardice was not certainly one of that outlaw's feelings; and though, like the majority of valiant men, who are also prudent, he recognised to its fullest extent the valuable expediency of running away under certain circumstances—a similar retrograde policy having been occasionally practised with the utmost success by the most illustrious commanders—the multi-named companion of Philip Leslie was, when need required it, a chevalier, if not exactly *sans reproche*, decidedly one *sans peur*.

The Doctor's organ of locality was powerfully developed, and knew to a cubic foot, a cubic inch, where he had left Philip. But he had a visit to pay before he rejoined him; and from the manner, while he traversed the crowd, in which he kept his gaze fixed on a certain box on the ground-tier—a small pit-box—it might not unreasonably be conjectured that he had an *affaire de cœur* in that neighbourhood. He was a gay man, Doctor Ionides; but he was not, for the moment, very popular among the sex, as he strode towards his destination; for he elbowed the *débardeurs* and *tîtes* mercilessly, and broke into and through so many couples and many figures of the mazy dance, that he was at last pursued by yells of Terpsichorean execration; nay, on one or two occasions, the Municipal Guards in attendance manifested signs of giving him chase, and bringing him to condign punishment, for his infraction of the laws of *cavalier soul* or *chasser-croiser*; but either he was nimble enough to escape the police Nemesis, or it may be his towering plume and stalwart limbs dismayed the diminutive alguazils, or—and this is the most probable theory of all—the police were, like all true Frenchmen, too much absorbed in the delirious excitement of the saltatory evolutions to pay attention to a transient interruption.

The Doctor passed up one of the inclined planes, covered with crimson cloth, leading to the box lobbies, entered one of those *coulloirs*, and knocked at the door of box No. 9. He had to knock twice, and then the door was finally opened. Inverting the action of Margaret Douglas, in Scott's immortal tale, who used her arm as a bolt, in order that a door might remain closed, Doctor Ionides took advantage of the door not being a door, but rather ajar, to use his arm as a wedge, and, by rapidly thrusting it through the narrow aperture, secured the door's remaining open. Then, by an agile movement of his foot, he widened the opening; soon found himself inside the box; closed the door after him; put a chair against it; turned nimbly on his feet; seized a light chair in his strong grasp; deftly sat himself down thereupon; turned towards a closely-masked domino, who was crouching in a corner, and affectionately accosted Manuelita the dancing-girl, who, half-dead with terror, was trembling now with her wrist in his grasp, and his flaming face leering under the black lace valance of her mask. The satyr had seized the poor little dryad; the linnet was in the clutches of the hawk.

"Who are you?" she gasped.

"I am Bogey," playfully answered the Doctor. "The sweep—the black man—the beadle—the policeman. I was Professor Jachimo, who was so fond of you in Liverpool; always fond of you, my charming little Manuelita. Good Professor Jachimo—clever Professor Jachimo—funny Professor Jachimo. Now I'm Doctor Ionides, quite as good, clever, and funny; and if you speak a word above your breath, you little minx, I'll wring your neck for you first, and cut your throat afterwards."

She tried to scream; but her respiration scarcely fluttered like the feet of a mouse running away to its hole. She felt as though a swoon, tears, hysterics, death, would have been a relief; but she was fascinated by the garish phantom before her, and could not move. At last she whispered:

"You come from Philip?"

"Not the least in the world, my little pet," the Doctor urbanely rejoined. "I am my own ambassador, town-traveller, gentleman-usher, master of the ceremonies, and everything else included; and I come from myself, and I want you to come with me."

"With you," she murmured; "with you, bad and cruel man!"

"If you don't," the Doctor explained; "if you don't take my arm this very moment, and walk downstairs with me, I'll tell you what will happen. Shall I tell you?"

She could not answer; she could only look at him.

"Silence gives consent. I'll tell you. Unless you obey me, by six o'clock this morning—it's one now—your duck-of-diamonds, your handsome soldier-officer, your fair-haired dandy of a lord, shall be a bleeding corpse—dead, dead as a leg of Welsh mutton, my dear, and with a small sword through his heart."

"Would you murder him?"

"That my business; I only tell you what will take place. I never forget, never forgive anything. If you obey me, you shall come to no harm, and you will save his life. If you refuse, you must take the consequences. Now, are you ready?"

She rose up tottering, and put her flaccid arm in his. Why should she believe him, this convicted, perfumed liar and cheat? She believed in him less, perhaps, for his dire threats, and horrible presence, and power of terrifying, than because she loved the bad man who had taken her away. Find me a woman who really loves a man, and I will go to her without introduction and without credentials, and if I tell her he whom she loves is in danger or distress, I will make her do anything I choose, from dancing a saraband to pawning her earrings.

He led her into the lobby. A whiskered French dandy, with a white waistcoat, and white cravat so enormous in their dimensions, and with such little black doe-skin legs, that he looked like a portrait of Mr. Allbody, came up to her to whisper some conventional, stereotyped *bal masque* compliment in her ear. But before he had half got through the expression of his opinion that she was a Mingrelian Princess, and that she was *adorablement belle* that evening, the dexterous Doctor administered to him such an elephantine stamp on one of his varnished feet, and such a cataclysmic blow with the elbow in his white-vested ribs, that the Frenchman was yet screeching with pain, and spluttering out a preliminary *scare*, when the Doctor had divided the crowd, and was beneath the portico in the Rue Lepellier.

There was as great a crowd without as within, but a black crowd, illuminated here and there by the glare of a gas-lamp. In the roadway mounted gendarmes pranced and cursed to keep the people back, and the confusion of coaches and coachmen was awful.

"This way," the Doctor said, briefly.

It was the turning-point. The girl hung back for a second. Had she screamed, had she resisted, rescue was certain. There was hundreds of policemen round about her. But she dared not. She thought of the man she loved being foully, cruelly murdered, and she obeyed.

A little *voiture de remise*, with two horses, was drawn up close between the last two pillars to the right of the portico. The door of this carriage was open, and there was an attendant lacquey, in the shape of a long man in a very long great coat, a worsted comforter with long straggling ends about his neck, and a very tall hat. He did not look much like a footman. On the box was a fat man in a cap, who looked even less like a coachman. Manuelita noticed both these little circumstances with the momentary microscopic power terror awakens in us.

"Number twelve," cried the Doctor, thrusting, rather than helping, Manuelita into the carriage.

"*Numéro douze*," the long man grumbled, bundling himself into the carriage too.

"*Numéro*—" the fat coachman seemed to be muttering; but whether it were twelve or twelve hundred thousand he meant, matters little; for in another instant a whip was flourished, the horses plunged, the carriage was gone, ploughing up the raging crowd, while Doctor Ionides stood under the portico with his arms akimbo, and laughed, Ha! ha!

"A clean trick, cleanly done," he chuckled. "If she had squeaked it would have been awkward. I think two inside can manage her. Escargotier has had rougher customers than she, poor little doll; and as to Sacripantot, he could master the Dragon of Wantley."

He had done his ministering very quickly, if not very gently, and the whole abduction—if abduction it were—of Manuelita had been effected in something under seven minutes. He strode back into the theatre. There is a law prohibiting re-admission of masquers at the Grand Opéra; yet somehow Dr. Ionides passed unquestioned, and he reached that refreshment counter already known to you, just as a great shout arose among the bystanders that *deux Anglais se bousaient*—that two Englishmen were fighting.

Baddington, felled to the earth, was still an old public-school boy, and though just before by implication a coward in refusing to fight Philip, he was roused and sobered, as most Englishmen are, however far gone, and when not stunned, by a blow. He no longer saw before him the minister of his grandaunt's vengeance. He simply saw before him a man who had knocked him down, and whom it was desirable to kill with his fists, if possible. He was up again in a moment, and closed with Philip. Both were strong, active, young, well-set men. One had the advantage of perfect sobriety, but he was enraged; to the other, partial intoxication lent increase of rage, augmentation of strength. The mob around them grew thicker and thicker, the police were said to be coming up, when Doctor Ionides burst through the throng, and with two movements of his big arms—one the movement of a swimmer plunging, the other that of the sail of a windmill when the wind is fresh—separated the combatants.

"I'll knock both of you down if you ain't quiet," he cried in his great excitement. "The bobbies will be here in a second. *La police a l'ail sur nous. Soyez tranquille, mes enfants.* Come away, Phil; and you, Mr. What's-his-name, take your man away, and let me talk to the other—he looks like a fire-eater."

Mr. Tapetie led away Lord Baddington, who now began to relapse into something very like stupidity again; but it must be admitted that the *attache* looked as though he would most devoutly have wished that he could take himself away instead of his friend. Major Gambrion, pleased perhaps at the appellation of fire-eater, perchance delighted at the prospect, however remote, of a duel, crossed amicably over to Doctor Ionides, who, base-born, vulgar and disreputable as he undoubtedly was, appeared undoubtedly at that moment the master of the situation.

"One moment, Mr. —, and then we will go to business," he said. "I have a word to speak to my friend."

The Major bowed, and handed him his card.

"Major Gambrion; ha, delighted, I'm sure. United Service Club, I see. Here's my card. Sorry I don't belong to any club save one at Grand Cairo, and as I haven't paid my subscription for ten years, I suppose I'm scratched."

The Major took the card, and looked at it with somewhat of a puzzled countenance; but he bowed again notwithstanding.

"Now, Philip," the Doctor whispered, "I want you to be a good boy and do as I tell you. Will you promise to keep yourself quiet—I'll get the enemy away—and meet me under the clock of the orchestra at four precisely. You shall shoot your foe, I'll promise you that; and, on my word and honour—I have a word and honour somewhere—you shall have some good news of Manuelita."

"You do not mean to say that?" Philip eagerly exclaimed.

"I mean to say that you must do what I ask you. Will you?"

"Yes."

"Then be off with you. Go and dance, sing, eat bon-bons, make love, drink champagne—only not too much—any thing you like, till four. I'll arrange every thing."

He watched Philip, with a cunning twinkle in his bad eyes, as the painter strutted away into the midst of the harlequinade, lost in thought.

"A good lad, that," said Doctor Ionides to himself; "with plenty of stuff in him. It's a pity he hasn't more muscle of mind. I think I like him better than any body else in the world, *bar one*, and yet I am afraid I shall be obliged to bring him to a bad end. Now, Major Gambroon, I am at your service."

* * * * *

There were things done in Paris that night and morning at which the very stones should have cried out, the sky should have wept tears of blood. There were ghastly orgies, ghastlier for their splendour; there were the seeds of hatred, and jealousy, and misery, and poverty, and robbery, and violence, and death, sown before the fiddlers who had fiddled the last quadrille were asleep on their pallets in their mean attics.

There was this done in the gray of the winter's morning, and in a lonely *carrière*, a glade of the wood of Vincennes, whose record the Accusing Angel took straightway up on high, and saw it written in red letters—for it was Murder. Two men in ball-dress met, accompanied by four others variously attired, but one of whom had a guillotine under his cloak. Paces were measured, stop-watches were opened, a handkerchief was dropped; and as the church clock of Vincennes struck eight, there lay on the bloody snow one of these men in ball-dress, a tall, young, fair, stalwart man, his face downwards, and shot to death.

CHAPTER XLII.

TWELVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE.

TEN years. Time to make a fortune, to be beggar'd, to grow gray, to write *ques* after one's name. Time to be in the commission of the peace or the liberties of the Fleet—if there were a Fleet, or liberties thereto, now. Time to have a patent of nobility, or a ticket-of-leave. Time enough to die.

Ten years! Ten years is an age. Ten years is the last generation—or the next. Ten years ago we went gipsying; Plancus was consul; times were better, things were different—we were twenty-one, and lived in a garret, and were happy in it. We believed in love and pantomimes; we listened with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursued with eagerness the phantoms of hope, believing that age would fulfil the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of to-day would be made up by to-morrow, and not caring to be told any thing about the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. Ten years ago we were rich in verdant pastures, corn-lands, even as Squire Boaz that saw Ruth and Naomi come a-gleaning. Now we have stubble on our chins, and corns upon our toes, putting our trust mainly in Mr. Eisenberg. I have often thought, that were I not chained to this pen, as Guzman de Alfarache was to his ear, that if I could put money in my purse, and get a foreign office passport through the kindness of the banking firm where I have that large balance lying (I shall surely want a Pickford's van or a Pâne to carry it away some day)—could I only obtain a passport viced for every where, I should like to go away for ten years—travelling any where; sedulously refraining from the perusal of newspapers and periodicals, English or foreign; eschewing even *Galignani* and the *Cornhill Magazine*; conversing with no men save waiters, barbers, shepherds, and flower-maids; comporting myself, *enfin*, like a Timon of Athens, in broadcloth, lapidating Apemantus mercilessly if he came to bore me, and turning up my nose at Alcibiades, his womankind, his drums and his fifes; and then, the lustre out, come straightway back to London Bridge, to see how the English world was wagging, and what had become of all my friends. How many were dead, and how many were married? Who had emigrated to New Zealand and had been scraped to death with oyster-shells, or sociably eaten by beat of tom-tom to a palaver among the Aborigines? How many were in Parliament, and how many in the *Gazette*? Who amongst those who were once prompt to borrow the lowly shilling, and not too proud to accept the twice-worn coat, had made large fortunes, and lived in Belgravia? Who of those who were wont to play Amphitryon to me, and chide me if I kept the bottle standing, were bear-eyed and rheumy-lipped, quite old and broken, in St. Pancras Workhouse, or else starched totterers, talking of the irreparable injury inflicted on the coats of the stomach by the consumption of a glass of Bucellas? How many conceited young pretenders had burst like bubbles, and withered and grown haggard, with too much tea-eating, had gone through the *Insolvent* Court, bid a forced adieu to fine houses, grand company, and the Grimaldi Club, and subsided into shabby clerks, to potato-sellers, and rusty-elbowed commission agents travelling in coals and corn? How many of the dear girls I know now, smiling and blushing in their innocent orgling for that which Nature bids them fish for—sweethearts—were become portly matrons, rosy mothers of chubby little Gracchi, and intent no more on flower-shows or St. Barnabas church services, but absorbed in the vital question of the lancing of Alfred's gums, and grave with the responsibility of having Toity's ear pierced? I should like to go away so, for ten years, and, coming back, find you, Eugenio, a millionaire; and you, Saccharissa, full of maternal cares; and you, chivalrous descendant of the Douglas and the Bruce, pitching into Government from the Opposition benches of the Commons (having just refused a junior Lordship of the Treasury, an Irish stipendiary magistracy, and the G-vernourship of Cape Coast Castle, successively offered by a despairing whipper-in); and you, Robert, still driving "the wain of life" (with nuggets in the boot); and you—not "Bilith Carew," but intimate enemy of mine, hanged. Dear friends and readers, if I go away so, or am called, may these ten years lie lightly on your heads; the golden days be many, the silver days be few. There, bah! I forgive the intimate enemy even—poor shallow rogue. I don't want him to be hanged, the losel, worsted-stocking knave, and be hanged to him!

Look forward to the ten; it is good to do so. Cry out "Excel-sior!" and climb up three hundred and sixty-five better and better steps a year. Look forward, but not back—not back. Remember Lot's wife. Look not upon the old love-letters, the old love-locks, the old quarrels, the old hatreds, the old opportunities missed, the old days of happiness gone, never to return. Look not back at high noon. Only in the night season rise up, when the moon shines very brightly, and the willows whisper their secrets to the secret pool beneath, that drinks all in and answers not a word; wrap thy cloak about thee, and steal to the place of the tombs, and weep over those who lie in peace, and whom no man can sue now, no woman vex, no anger move. Thou shalt look back then—yes, into the dimmest recesses of the most distant mountains of thy soul-scape, and the angels shall keep the secret of thy retrospect.

* * * * *

Ten years had elapsed since the events narrated in the forty-first chapter of this history. London was still the great city; but the time was Eighteen hundred and forty-five, and another king had arisen which knew not Joseph. A king, say I? A gracious lady, rather, who had come seven years before, timid, blushing girl, to take possession of the throne of silly, white-headed, good King William, and corpulent, curly-wigged, bad King George. "V.R." flourished over all the post-office letter-boxes and on all the police-vans. It was Victoria, not William, by the grace of God, who sent you greeting now, and commanded you that within eight days you entered an appearanc

before Thomas Lord Denman at Westminster; it was Her Majesty the Queen who went to open Parliament in the gingerbread coach, drawn by the cream-coloured horses; and it was to her Majesty Queen Victoria that the play-house managers cried God save in the Latin language, while at the same time they took the liberty of informing the public that no babies in arms would be admitted, and no money returned.

One August afternoon, in the year Eighteen hundred and forty-five, an old woman was crouching over the fire—though the weather was passing hot—in the little back parlour of a shop in Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road.

I don't wish to say any thing disrespectful of this elderly female or to prejudice you in the outset against her—perish such an un-gallant and unjust thought; but I should be sinning against veracity were I to disguise the fact that she was about the ugliest old lady that you could wish to meet on an autumnal afternoon, or that you would not like the adored wife of your bosom, who is in delicate health just now, to meet on any day, or in any season whatever, under any circumstances at all. Neither, I hope, will it be libelling the venerable individual crouching over the fire to hint that if she had lived in the days of King James the First, of blessed memory, the odds upon her being arraigned at the very next assize of Oyer and Terminer as a witch would have been very heavy, and the chances of her escape from the faggot and the fire very slender indeed. She was, indeed, such a weird and uncomfortable-looking old woman to view; and had she, in the present year of grace even, inhabited some sequestered village in some cross-country between two lines of railway, she would, I am persuaded, have been feared as a witch, hated as a witch, conciliated and consulted as a witch, and hooted—perchance pelted—by the village children as a witch. The village blacksmith would have driven a brisk trade in horse-shoes, in connection with the terror inspired by her preternatural appearance; the village baker would have made crosses in the dough if she happened to pass his shop at kneading time. She would have been suffered near no hen-roost, no butter-churn, no beer-barrel. Housewives would have made impromptu crucifixes with scissors laid on chairs at her approach; and superstitious farmers would have attributed the borts in their cattle, the smut in their wheat, and the rheumatism in themselves, to her maleficent powers. She was a very horrible-looking old woman indeed, to say the least. She might have been the great-great-grand-daughter of the Witch of Endor, or a twin-sister of Mademoiselle le Normand, or Megâra come to settle in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road; or La Mère Croquemitaine, or the late Caliban's mamma, Sycorax, or the Old Woman of Berkeley, or Mother Redcap. She was one of those old ladies who are called "Goody," apparently because they look so very like "Buddy;" and she was an uncommonly ogre-like sight to see.

Te thousand wrinkles ploughed that yellow face, as dried up watercourses do a high mountain. Little trees grew here and there on that unlovely plain in the shape of tufts of white hair. Shards, and flints, and scores of pimples were thrown up here and there; but the subtraction was volcanic; and the red, twinkling eyes were craters, and flamed. A nose and chin that met; a yellow fang or two protruding from the pucker'd lip; a mop of hideous hair—half white, half wolfish red—straggling from beneath a foul nightcap; a bandage of flannel—new in its texture from its raw blue tinge, but intolerably dirty—passed beneath her chin, as though she were a corpse, and this was to tie up her jaw withal; pendulous cheeks, and flaccid rolls of skin, so hanging about her neck that she might have been an octogenarian *cretin* with a *goitre*: these made up—and you require nothing more, I hope—the ensemble of her head. She was immensely old, and bowed, and crooked. Her hands were yellow, skinny, and long, with bony fingers, armed with talons rather than nails, and the whole tesselated with designs in dirt. She was pinned up in crassous rags, rather than clothed. She appeared to have elephantiasis in her feet, so huge appeared they, swathed in bandages and list shoes; and the most dreadful thing about this old woman was, that she appeared to have a perpetual pale, and shook like a jelly of some foul gelatinous matter, or like a blasted tree whose roots are rotten.

The shop in whose back-parlour this old woman sat was not an curiosity shop, nor a chandler's shop, nor a rag shop, nor an old-clothes shop, nor a shop whose staple stock-in-trade consisted of old metal and bones. It certainly could not be called a milliner and dressmaker's; it was a long way off being a toy-shop; and though dresses, rich and *bizarre*, abounded on its shelves, it was neither a masquerade warehouse nor a theatrical costumer's. It was a shop not much bigger than a bird-cage, sweltering with an amalgamation of all the attributes of all the shops to which I have called attention. It was a shop emphatically of odds and ends, of shreds and patches, of waifs and strays, of unconsidered trifles, of sweepings and fragments, and bits, and rubbish, and treasures. It was a mouldy, musty, and ineffably mysterious shop, and there are hundreds like it in London.

The shop was full of secrets; and there were more romances of the aristocracy on its dusty shelves than ever Sir Bernard Burke dreamt of. There were rich silks and brocades here that a half-spilt glass of wine, a speck of sauce from a butter-boat, a drop of wax from a taper, had banished from the Queen's palace and the "nobility's concert," and had relegated to the Road of Tottenham. There were ostrich feathers, somewhat dim and jaundiced now, and coiffures of bird of paradise and marabout plumes, that had waved over the fair heads of England's fairest, noblest daughters, or bedizened the turbans of the haughtiest of dowagers, with as many creases in their chins as they had quartiers in their scutcheons. There were sweeping mantles of rich silk velvets that had fallen into voluptuous folds on the cushions of the carriages of duchesses, but which were destined ere long to sweep the floors of casinos, and to be degraded by the mud of the Haymarket. There were gauzy bonnets, glistening with silver sprigs and artificial flowers, through which, however, the dull wire and coarse buckram began to peep, like the copper in the salver whose edges only are of silver, like the flesh of the beggar's knee through his torn trousers. There were tiny satin shoes, with blackened soles and soiled insteps. There were pink silk stockings by dozens frayed over the instep, woefully in want of darning. There were fribbles and frapples of lace, falling into rich raggedness; bronzed kid boots cracked in the upper-leathers; muffs, and boas, and pelicans of costly fur, where the moth had imitated the ringworm's part; bridal veils, from which the silver embroidery had been rudely stripped; white kid gloves, soiled and split, in piles; sashes and scarves, tippets and collars, ivory fans with broken joints, dressing-cases minus the silver tops to the bottles, jet bracelets, velvet reticules, embroidered parasols with torn fringe and no handles, smelling-bottles with no stoppers, lace pocket-handkerchiefs with burns through the centre; all sorts of rich woman's ware, purple fine linen, goldsmith's ware and lace—the whole mixed up with a chaos of sheets and blankets, coarse jeans stays, flannels, nightcaps, tablecloths, pillow cases, black cotton stockings, patchwork counterpanes, linsey-woolsey jackets, and huge bundles bursting with undeniable rags. And there was a musty, acrid, vapid odour hanging about the place, similar to that which pervades a pawnbroker's shop in a low neighbourhood on Saturday night, or that department of a jail where the prisoners' outer-world clothes are kept. A big dog, that had once been white, but was now of no particular hue save that of dirt—a wall-eyed dog, irremediably mangy, with a chronic cough, and a settled harrat to his tail, kept watch and ward in the outer shop, sitting by preference on a Marseilles quilt with a great russet-brown stain which looked horribly like blood upon it, and blinking lazily at one solitary ray of the golden autumnal light, which in a laudable pursuit of polarisation under difficulties, worthy of all commendation, was fighting its way into

the shop against the million motes of dust, and the foggy miasma of the place.

In the room—I don't like to call it hole, for fear of being thought rude—where the old woman crouched there were more shelves, more bundles, more treasures in rage, more odds and ends. There was a portrait, too, of the lamented and injured Caroline of Brunswick, some time Queen of England—a vile *mazotino* thing in a tawdry frame, and screened by a glass, cracked and smoky, representing that Royal personage in the act of receiving an address from the ladies of England (with very short waists and enormous hats and feathers), at Brandenburg House, near Hammersmith. There was a monster of a parrot in a battered cage—a moulting brute, with a broken wing, plumage of sooty green, and a diabolical head, with eyes like the danger-lights of a locomotive—which shrieked and croaked, and swore, and blasphemed, and sung himself on his rusty ring, like a Prophet of Evil or a bird possessed by a demon. The walls of the room—where there were no selves—were plastered thickly over with cards relating to sales by auction, chiefly of pawnbrokers' unredeemed pledges; the floor was littered with torn catalogues from Oxenham's and Debenham and Storr's sale-rooms; and on the rickety table, amid a heap of rags, stay-busks, lace-cuffs, half-pence, candle-ends, and remnants of cloth and silk, there were some hundreds—there could not have been less—of little quadrangular scraps of pasteboard, bent, dirty, torn, inkstained, and pin-punctured, which the experienced eye would have no difficulty in recognising at once as pawnbrokers' duplicates. Pardon the verbosity of this description. The frame was as necessary as the picture; the setting as the jewel. And there is one thing, too, which I have forgotten in my inventory; this—that over the outer door of the shop—which was a remarkably villainous-looking shop, by the way, and offered no better *étagère* than bundles and lace-rags—in the street there was this inscription; MRS. TINCTOP. LADIES' WARDROBES PURCHASED."

Mrs. Tinctop—I scorn to deceive you—was the proprietor of the shop where the ladies' wardrobes were purchased; and Mrs. Tinctop—I am above hypocrisy, I hope—was Mr. Tinctop's mamma—that Mr. Tinctop with whom you have been made acquainted, more or less, almost since the commencement of this chronicle; and, finally, Mrs. Tinctop was the veritable old lady who was crooning over the fire."

The wall-eyed dog that took care of the outer premises gave an asthmatic growl, which ended in a squeak, as the shop-door opened, causing at the same time an ill-conditioned tinkle on a cracked bell; and there walked in, as stealthily as of yore, Mr. Seth Tinctop, general practitioner.

A little balder, a little more weazened as to countenance, a little stouter in figure, but the same smooth, urbane Seth Tinctop still. He had mounted gold-rimmed spectacles and gone into goloshes; he carried a plump silk umbrella, and wore a substantial watch-chain. The ten years seemed to have been prosperous years, to have used him well, and to have done him good.

He bestowed a subdued whistle of recognition upon the dog, who immediately either acknowledged or resented that act of courtesy, by making a furious onslaught upon his stump of a tail. Then Mr. Tinctop walked through the miasma of decayed millions into the hole where his mamma dwelt, and, with another whistle, to which was superadded a nod, sat himself down over against her by the fireside.

"Good afternoon, mother."

These people do say "good afternoon," "good morning," "good-bye," and "good-night," just as we Christians do. They are human—they are mortal. Williams set his children to play with the Italian boy before he murdered him for the sake of his white teeth. If you pinch a thief, he will cry out; if you prick a rascal, he will bleed; if you tickle him, he will laugh. The robbers of the Rhine are not always accoutred in slouched hats and buff-boots, and swaggering about with Snicksnaces. They put on carpet-slippers at eventide, smoke their pipes at the inglenook, kiss their wives, and when they go to bed, put on nightcaps with tassels and strings that tie underneath the chin.

CHAPTER XLIII.

TO PARISH CLERKS AND OTHERS.

As in a wood fire that had been neglected, and where the logs, raging hot within, are one uniform ashen gray without, one whisper of the bellows will illuminate the dull hearth with a ruddy glow, send the red sparks scintillating up the chimney, and set the logs themselves flaming; so the filial salutation addressed by Mr. Tinctop to his mother seemed to light up the hitherto extinguished countenance of that ancient dame—to kindle the fire of life in those vacuous eyes—to change her from an exact counterpart of an Egyptian mummy to an indifferent imitation of a live old woman. She began to get up from her chair in a doddering, scrambling way, and wagged her old jaws amicably at her son, who sat himself down over against her on a species of beggar's throne, made up of rags, bundles, the fragments of an arm-chair, a plank or two, and a horse-hair sofa pillow. Then he took a long clay pipe from a sort of cave of Trophonius of cobwebs and cracked crockery ware high up in the wall beyond the mantelpiece, filled it with tobacco, lighted it gravely, and began to smoke it demurely, looking very precise and proper and professional, and quite as though he were in possession of all due certificates of having passed the Hall of Apothecaries and the College of Surgeons, and not at all like Bamylde Moore Carew, which renowned King of Beggars he should in all consistency, considering the place he was in and the company he kept, have looked like.

The old woman tottered to another cupboard, opened it, hunted among its shelves to the apparent discomposure of a colony of rats which, by the quadrupedal patterning noise heard, it may be presumed resided there, and at last produced an inconceivably dirty stone bottle, which might possibly at some remote period of time have been used as an amphora for Day and Martin's blacking; which, from some pearly drops of congealed adipose matter about the neck, appeared to have served at one stage of its career as an impromptu candlestick; and which now might have been taken as a receptacle for snuff, or turpentine, or mixed pickles, or furniture stuff, or mixture to kill cockroaches. From it, however, Mrs. Tinctop poured a semi-transparent liquid into a battered pewter measure, popped thereto a lump of sugar, which she produced from the recesses of a faded blue ball—a napkin I hope, a pocket-handkerchief I fear—and filled the measure up with boiling water from a hopelessly-battered and rusty copper kettle, with a tin lid, a frayed rope handle like that to a gipsy's plunder-pot, and a drooping nozzle twisted all awry. Whatever the whitish liquid may have been, it seemed to be something good to drink, and as Mr. Tinctop drank it, it seemingly did him good too, for he smacked his thin lips, and his narrow, bald forehead shone again.

To the great delight of his mamma, who went and stroked the bald *os frontis*, smoothing the spare locks, and gazing with inexplicable fondness into his eyes.

"Does your pipe draw, deary?" she asked coaxingly. Trivial and absurd, and sordid as the question was, there was a profundity of solicitude in it, and made it, comparatively, superior to an inquiry as to whether Tinctop had the contents of the mines of Golconda in his waistcoat pocket, whether he had the paradise of Mahomet at his command, or whether he felt as happy as the Grand Turk.

"Pretty well, mother," answered Mr. Tinctop, "You might keep your snuff out of my tobacco. I don't mind the pepper; that gives it a flavour; but one can't smoke and sneeze at once comfortably. Where do you get your whisky?"

"Round the corner, deary." She pointed her skinny thumb

over her shoulder and into the dim obscurity of a corner. Where they may have been—in the Land of Nod, or in the kingdom of Cockaigne—anywhere or nowhere—this deponent sayeth not.

"The next time you get fourpenn'orth," remarked her son, "tell them not to put poison in it. It interferes with the trade in drugs. If it's business, mother!—I've plenty coming in, eh?"

"I ain't got no money, Sath," the old woman exclaimed with a sort of feeble scream. "I ain't, indeed. I can't get none. Not a blessed copper. Not a ha'penny, my son." And as she spoke she folded her shrivelled arms tightly, drawing her tottering knees together, and screwing her head on one side, with blinking eyes, and trembling lips, like magpie at bay, looking into a marrow-bone and determined to defend it.

"Who the deuce wants your money?" Mr. Tinctor called out testily. "You're always squalling out about your money, you covetous old woman, you. I don't want your money. I've plenty of my own. I only asked you how business was."

"Bad! Bad!" his mother mumbled, in reply. "No money to be got, Sath dear—"

"Money again!" interrupted her exasperated son. "I do believe you think of nothing but money. Did I ask you for any? Do I ever have any from you?"

"Not now, not now, deary!" the old woman said hastily. "But you've had a deal—oh a deal of money from me, you know, ducky. You'll have it all when I die—all when I die, darling; but you must wait—yes, wait—wait a bit. Times are so hard, you know."

"She's doting. She's half silly. She's a confounded old idiot!"

Mr. Tinctor, neither very courteously nor very dutifully, grumbled to himself. "Hark ye, mither," he said aloud; "do you want to get some more money?"

The wanædæ face, which was fast sinking into vacuity, lighted up again at the magic word. Eyes red with the concupiscence of gain shone out of the darkness like glow-worms. She was all huddled, and excited, and tumultuous in her chair, and babbled out some toothy assurances of how much she liked money, and the grand things she would do for her darling Seth, if he would only put her in the way of making some.

(To be continued.)

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

CONTINUE thinning out all superabundant shoots upon peaches, nectarines, &c. Go over frequently, if possible, and just thin out any which appear to need that attention. At the same time tack to the wall any which have grown so long as to endanger themselves by their own weight, in regard to breaking off, &c. Finish thinning the fruit upon these. Ample opportunity will now be afforded to judge of the exact quantity which should remain in order to secure a good crop. It will be well now to go over apple trees, to ascertain whether or not any are attacked by American blight, as this pest is actively at work now; it may be quickly detected by the quantity of white tomentose stuff which exudes from places which it is attacking. Spirits of turpentine brushed into its haunts will destroy it, and should now be used upon the parts affected.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Secure carnations and picotees with care as they advance in length of spindle. Stake, and continue to secure dahlias where the former operation has not been performed in like manner. These should also in every instance receive a good mulching with well decomposed manure. Sow a pinch of cineraria seeds under a north wall, or in any other cool and partially shaded situation. These grow readily in such a position if covered with the top of an ordinary hand-light, duly protected from insects, and often make finer plants than when kept in warmer places. The past showery weather has been peculiarly congenial to all seedling flowers, which, if my advice last week has been followed, will be all duly planted out. Should warm drying weather exist for more than one day together, it will be necessary to give them a sprinkling overhead once or twice with a watering-pot with not too coarse a nozzle. Remove all old flowers from myosotis, arabis, &c., where a desire exists to keep the old plant.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Finish earthing up potatoes whilst the present moist showery weather lasts. Thin out onions, beet, parsnips, scorzonera, salsify, chicory, &c., filling up all vacancies which occur in the rows of the three former by transplanting. Plant out successional batches of lettuces, cauli-flowers, and other things, such as Snow's broccoli, Brussels sprouts, savoys, and so on, for an early autumn supply. Push on the preparation of as many celery trenches as possible with all despatch. Besides forwarding the necessary work, the trenches are benefited by being freely exposed to air and rains, especially if the necessary manure has been dug in and well amalgamated with the soil in the trench. A good dressing of salt will do much good to asparagus beds at this season. From 8 to 10 lb. will not be too much for a rod of ground. Thin out to the proper distances between the plants any cardoons which were sown in rows in positions where they are to stand permanently; others, sown in sheltered seed beds, should be transplanted into the necessary rows. They should not have less room than 4 to 5 feet between rows, and at least 40 inches asunder should be allowed in the rows. Where a scarcity of autumn sown onions, which "bulb" early, exists, it will be advisable now to pull up a certain quantity of shallots for use instead of them; so doing brings them to maturity more quickly than if left in the ground until ripe.—W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE JEWELLER.

AN application was made to the Irish Court of Common Pleas for the "discharge from custody under a judge's fiat" of Captain Henry Dymoke, of the North Lincolnshire regiment of militia, "son of the Hon. and Rev. John Dymoke, Hereditary Grand Champion of England." Captain Dymoke had been arrested by Mr. Harry Emanuel, the jeweller, for a debt of £2,472, at Herbert Lodge, Sandymount, Dublin. Part of the sum was due for diamonds, and part for a shield made for the Paris Exhibition, "on which the feats of the Dymoke family as 'Hereditary Grand Champions of England' were depicted." It was contended on the part of Captain Dymoke that he had made no secret of his residence: that he was a member of the United Service Club in Dublin, and frequently attended it. It was replied that he went by the name of Brookes at Herbert Lodge, which was stated in court to be the same place "James Stephens had lived in." Chief Justice Monahan delivered judgment, holding that sufficient grounds were not shown for detaining the defendant in custody. "The only ground on which the fiat could be granted was that he intended to leave Ireland unless forthwith arrested. Mr. Emanuel had sworn this merely as a statement made to him by a third person, and as Captain Dymoke declared he had no such intention, and this was not disproved, they were bound to believe it.

A SHOCKING accident occurred on Sunday at a wayside station of the North-Eastern Company near York. Four little children, whose parents were hard up, were playing on the line when an engine and tender suddenly rounded a curve and came upon them. The driver saw their danger, and put on the breaks, but could not stop the locomotive. The children alarmed by the whistle, attempted to escape, but became confused and were run over. Two were killed almost instantaneously, but the other two escaped with trifling injuries.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

NEVER was Paris gayer or more brilliant than at the present moment; the weather is everything that could be desired, and all the world seem to be out of doors the livelong day. The Bois de Boulogne, green and shady as it is, appears a specially favourite resort, and there what we are accustomed to call Paris élégant gives rendezvous daily. From five to seven o'clock every afternoon, the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and the border of the lake, are threaded with a string of splendid equipages, freighted with such fantastic toilettes as surely no one ever remembers to have seen before, even in France's most luxurious days, let alone to have seen since this second Empire has sprung up.

The Empress is to be seen there every day, the brightest star amongst this brilliant throng. Last Wednesday, after having assisted to preside over a council of Ministers, her Majesty appeared in the Bois de Boulogne about six o'clock, smiling and radiant as in her more youthful days, and wearing a pale blue silk dress, a small blue casaque trimmed with white lace, a white blonde bonnet ornamented with a blue feather (placed almost upright in the centre of her forehead), and holding a blue "marquis" parasol covered with white lace.

The Countess de la Poëze accompanied her Majesty, and in the carriage that followed pretty Mme. Caretti was seated, wearing a Watteau toilette of Bismarck brown silk, the skirt opening over a petticoat covered with ruches; a bonnet of Bismarck gauze to match. On the same afternoon I also remarked in their respective carriages the Duchess Fernan Nunez in a black and white striped satin dress, with a rice straw bonnet ornamented with tufts of pink flowers and lappets of pink blonde; a white lace Marie Antoinette fichu covered her shoulders. Mme. Fleury, who descended from her carriage and promenaded up and down the Acacia walk with her little boy, wore a pearl-grey faille dress with a hair stripe of black over it; the skirt was cut with an immensely long train; the black jacket was short and loose, and trimmed with exquisite Chantilly lace sewn on the silk; a Lamballe straw bonnet, ornamented with three narrow rouleaux of black velvet and an agrafe of wild flowers in the centre, completed her toilette. The two pretty Miss Backwicks wore white foulard costumes looped up over pale blue satin petticoats; blue satin "jockey" casques fitting their figures closely, the sleeves also being tight. Rice straw toquets with white gauze veils and white feathers.

The Countess d'A— in a Louis XV. costume—a mauve petticoat, with a pearl-grey skirt cored with mauve, a Watteau casaque and wide waistband with a large rosette at the back; a mauve tulie bonnet, with a white tulie mantille at the back.

Last Saturday I had likewise the honour of meeting the Empress in the Bois de Boulogne. Her Majesty then wore a blue and green shot silk dress, a black lace casaque, a black lace bonnet ornamented with cigarette and feather. Her green parasol was simply bordered all round with a green ribbon ruche.

The drives at Chantilly, though less numerous than those of the Bois de Boulogne, are considered more select, and the toilettes you see there are less loud and conspicuous. Aristocratic Paris appears to repair more than usual this season to those scenes of past glory, so rich in souvenirs.

Among the numerous colours sanctioned by fashion, green decidedly carries the day—it is without doubt the favourite hue, and there are many shades of it. There is the "Metternich," the soft "Baltic green," which always reminds me of a willow tree; the "Russian" green, the "Etoile" green, and the "Spring" green—one and all are popular. Formerly black and green were worn, but now white and pearl-grey are more readily mixed with green.

White sultane over green satin is much patronised, and the toilette is completed with a rice straw bonnet, a gauze veil, fastened under the chin with a bouquet of field flowers, the veil terminating in lappets; long grasses falling at the back of the bonnet, and mingling with wild flowers, which look light enough to blow away.

There have been several pleasant reunions during the past ten days. At the Empress's own ball her Majesty wore an exquisite white Indian muslin dress, trimmed with rich lace, and a train of exaggerated dimensions. Evidently no Court patronage will be extended to short dresses for evening wear. Princess Achille Murat, the bride, wore white satin, profusely ornamented with Alençon lace and diamonds. Her complexion is very dark, but her eyes are full of sparkle and intelligence. Princess Metternich also wore a white dress, literally covered with tea roses. The Marquis de Caumont was much missed, and his absence in England deplored, when the coquillon was started, although the Duc de Mouchy did his best to preclude over last most bewildering of dances.

Princess Mathilde's reception on Sunday was more than usually brilliant. There were a vast number of pretty faces present. The most successful toilette, I considered, was that worn by the Countess P. It consisted of a white tulie dress, the tunic most tastefully looped up en paniers, with garlands of wild roses.

At M. Delangé's (Vice-President of the Senate) another charming evening party has taken place. White muslin dresses appeared to be the order of the evening; and nothing is so fresh and pleasant to the eye in warm weather as a really well-made white muslin dress. I will describe the toilette worn by Viccountess B. d'A., to give your readers an idea of the style that prevailed on the evening in question. It consisted of white muslin, with a deep Marie Antoinette bounce bordering the skirt, a mauve silk slip, and a wide mauve sash edged with exceedingly fine guipure tied at the back of the skirt. The mauve silk bodice was entirely covered with guipure; round the throat there was a narrow quilling of muslin; and below the waistband some square basques of muslin edged with guipure.

Another muslin dress, worn by a young girl, consisted of a plain train skirt over a pink silk slip; a tunic ruched at the edge, and looped up at the back and sides with large dahlias made of pink silk; a Watteau bodice high at the back, opening squarely in front, and fastened to the waist with small muslin buttons; wide flowing sleeves, looped up to the top of the arm with small silk dahlias that looked like flowers; pink sash fringed at the ends, and tied at the side. For head dress pink pompons and pink ribbon.

A new style of trimming silk dresses with different materials of the same colour has recently been introduced with success. Take, for example, a costume of shot pearl-grey silk; the skirt will be trimmed with frills of sultane, hemmed at the edge, and round the tunic there will be a ruche of shot grey sultane, similar ruches round the casque, and rounded basque. These three skirts, one at the top of the other, form three paniers; the silk waistband has a large rosette of sultane, and a ruche of sultane is added round the sash end.

White alpacas dresses, and shot camlets and mohairs are much trimmed with black velvet; the tunics are looped up with black velvet rosettes, and bordered with loops of the same. White piqués are also trimmed in a similar manner. It is impossible to make a Louis XV. dress with white piqué, it is too stiff and too heavy a material. Plain skirts are consequently made, and a polonaise or redingote is worn above; this is fastened down the front with large buttons, either mother-of-pearl or black velvet. The polonaise fits the figure, and a wide black velvet band is tied above it. The sleeves are usually wide, and decorated in the Spanish style, with a row of buttons outside the back of the arm. Altogether white piqué made thus forms a very distinguished toilette.—Queen.

LITERATURE.

"BIBLE ANIMALS." Part V. By Rev. J. G. Wood. A very excellent instalment, though some of our contemporaries have seen fit to run it down. In the part before us sheep are well treated of.

"The Life of Jesus." Part V. By the Editor of "Kind Words."

"The Leisure Hour" pursues its quiet course of usefulness, and is well and abundantly illustrated. "The Queen's Journal," "The Midnight Sky of London," "Two Months in Spain," and "Hints on Sick Nursing" may be mentioned and praised, both for the articles themselves and for the engravings accompanying them. The paper on "Sick Nursing" has a portrait of Miss Nightingale, and a view of Lea Hurst, her early residence.

"The Sunday at Home" contains a great quantity of reading, chiefly religious, and pictures in plenty. It is the appropriate accompaniment of the "Leisure Hour," and is under the same excellent management.

Mrs. Beeton's "Book of Household Management" gives from month to month many receipts and hints for the profit of housekeepers.

"The Aldgate" has reached us, and is creditable to the enterprising firm from which it emanates.

"Cassell's Popular Educator," Part VI. of the revised edition, deserves the praise we have awarded to the previous issues, as a mine of educational wealth.

"Co-Operation Exposed." By a member of the Civil Service Co-operative Society (Limited); a letter from a Friend at home to a member of the Bengal Civil Service in Calcutta. (D. Steel, 4, Spring Gardens, Charing-cross.) A clever letter, showing the risks and uncertainties of the co-operative principle, which we believe has not yet been sufficiently tested either to be implicitly relied on or wholly rejected.

"Merry and Wise" always deserves a good word for the spirit and prudence with which it caters for the young. Among its attractive contents we notice a paper on "Swiss Carving."

"Beeton's Dictionary of Geography," Part V., is cheap, and well illustrated with maps and views. This number contains articles from "Fernando Po" to "Havana."

"Johnson's Dictionary," edited by Dr. Latham, we have not had time before to notice. The new part extends from "Peripneumonia" to "Porringer."

"The Whitsuntide Annual." 6d. Murby, Bouverie-street, E.C. This is a pretty-looking seasonable book. The tales are well written, especially "The Tongue of Fire," "A Stage Tradition," "Living—not Life," and "A Whitsuntide Adventure." We make the following extract from an article entitled "Whitsuntide in Great Britain":—

"Among the humbler classes, Whitsuntide, like Easter, is a universal holiday. In the days when Greenwich Fair was among the institutions of England, that place of resort was thronged, and amongst its many other attractions could boast the possession of about twenty-one dancing booths, the Almanack's of which was the Crown and Anchor. This booth measured three hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and sixty in width. Seventy feet were allotted to refreshments, and the actual dancing floor was two hundred and fifty feet long. Down each side were placed narrow tables and seats, and across the centre of the room was erected an elevated orchestra, containing two harps, three violins, a bass, two clarionets, and a flute. The room was well and tastefully lighted. The entrance fee was one shilling. Here the aristocracy of the fair, dancers and spectators, could and did congregate, to the number of two thousand at a time. The scene may be imagined, but not described. It was a school neither for dancing nor for morals, though it might have been for moralising.

"But our ancestors were hearty folk, and took their pleasures heartily. As witness the following advertisement of the *Reading Mercury*, for May 24th, 1819:—'Peppard Revel will be held on Whit-Monday, May 31st, 1819; and, for the encouragement of the young and old gamblers, there will be a good hat to be played for at cudgels. For the first seven couples that play, the man that breaks the most heads to have the prize, and 1s. 6d. will be given to each man that breaks a head, and one shilling to the man that has his head broken!' So that a thick skull was not to be desired, since, however severely practised upon, it was not worth a shilling.

"Whitsuntide is one of the seasons for hiring servants in Cumberland, and a fair is held, where the hirings take place. Those desiring service stand with a bit of straw or a green sprig in their mouths. The hiring being over early in the day, the people adjourn to dancing-booths or public-houses, where the principal part of their bargain binding money is spent. Fights for the possession of some coveted beauty, in which even the ladies themselves frequently join, often take place. However, the brained and battered combatants usually retire for a short time to recruit their strength and smooth their ruffled plumes, prior to joining the galactics of the evening. As regards the morality of the statute fairs we will be silent, and only observe that the quarrels are soon forgotten, and many attachments of a lasting character are formed at these gatherings.

"The city of Lichfield holds an annual fair on Whit-Monday for the exhibition of shows. There is also a procession, headed by some members of the corporation, with its inferior officers, accompanied by musicians, flags, etc., and followed by the best mechanic of the place, carrying on long poles, decorated with flowers, working models of their several crafts. This procession starts from the Guildhall and proceeds to Greenhill. Here a booth, decorated with flowers, is prepared; and hence the fair derives its name of 'The Greenhill Bower.' In front of this booth a space is enclosed, around the sides of which the models are placed, and kept working by the operatives. About the middle of the day prizes are awarded by the corporation to the most ingenious. The craftsmen continue the exhibition of their models within this space until the evening, and the corporation well supply the booth with provisions for the entertainment of visitors. The fair proper, however, is carried on in other parts of the hill.

"Eton Montem, formerly kept a little before Christmas, is now held on Whit-Tuesday.

"But the most noteworthy place of resort for holiday folks was the Necton Guild, in Norfolk, of which the following is a cursory notice. Various purse clubs, annual feasts, and other merry making, having from time immemorial produced a Whitsuntide Major, afterwards Colonial Mason, desiring to concentrate these festivities, instituted a guild or festival of rural sports at Necton Park, his family seat. Here, on Whit Monday afternoon, the ceremony of proclaiming the guild was gone through by means of procession. The procession made a circuit of the field, entered the park, and approached the house of the patron. The latter awaited it at the grand entrance. The mayor addressed the colonel, declaring his mayoralty now ceased, and introduced his chosen successor, who, he hoped, would be elected; then, with thanks for past pleasures and good wishes for the present, awaited the reply. The patron signified his approval of the mayors in *ex officio* pose, they were invited to enter the vestibule. There the late official handed over his robes and tokens of his office to his successor. Returning to the door, the patron congratulated the new dignitary, to which his worship replied that he entered upon life with great pleasure, invited all at the hall to join in the coming festivities, and begged to return to his duties in the field. The procession then left, observing the same order and course as on coming, excepting that the places of the mayors were reversed. The sports then commenced."

THE PROPOSED MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

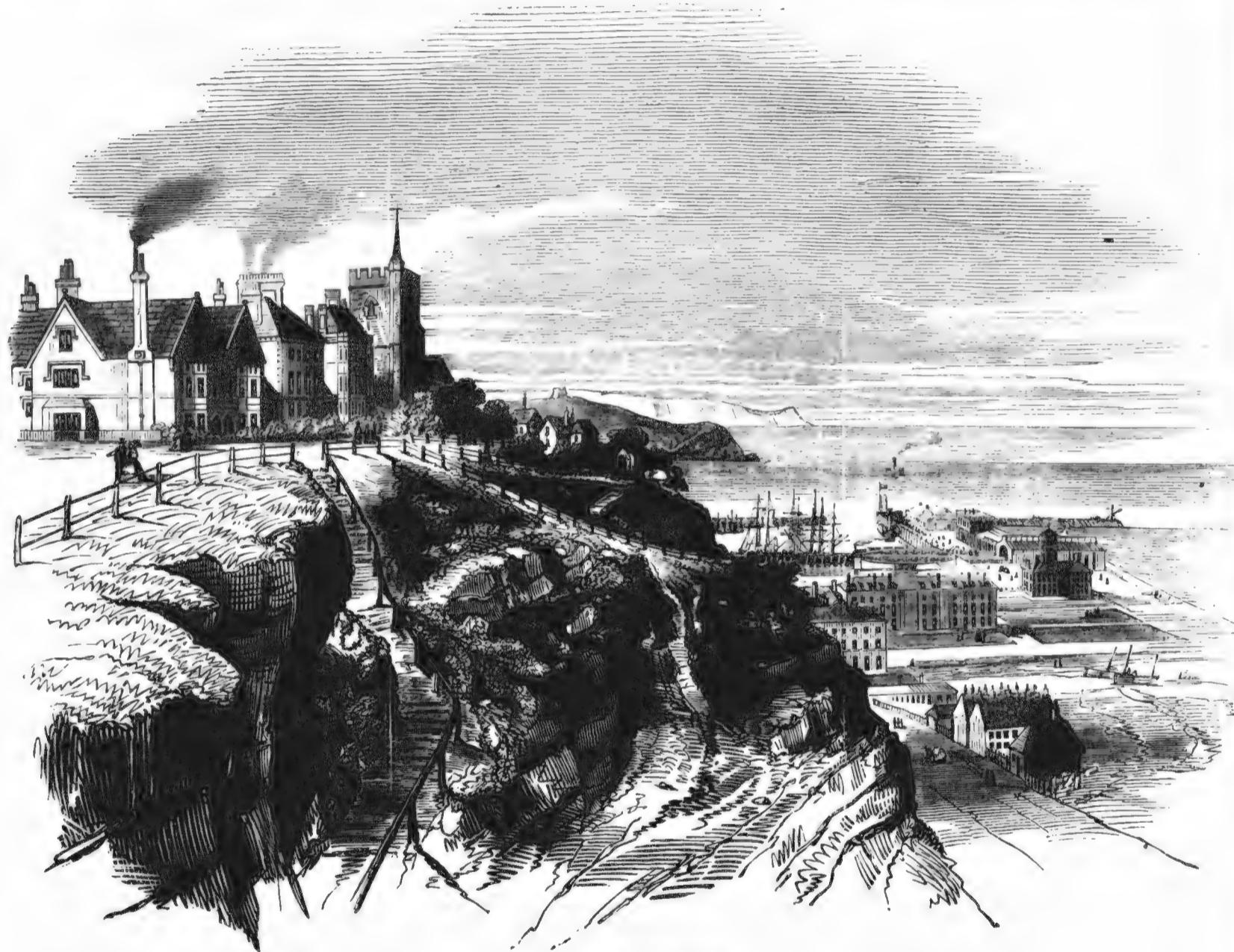
MR. TOMLINE, M.P., has written to the Shropshire Chamber of Agriculture in condemnation of the proposal to appoint a Minister of Agriculture. He says:—"The proposal of a Government department, pretending to do for you the work which you are learning to do so well for yourselves is the most dangerous step of all. It is attractive, and holds out to active men the prospect of salaries and places. Yet it is useless. A secret board can do nothing but grant favours. You ask for none, you expect none. You are not powerful enough to obtain any. It maintains mystery: your desire is publicity, not only for your own satisfaction but for that of other classes in towns, who will gradually become your friends as they find out that you are working for them. Instead of a new Board, I hope to see our Chambers striving to do away with the Board of Trade. The statistics it collects are better collected by the Customs; commercial treaties, which are contrary to the principles of Free Trade, are better managed by the Foreign Office. The new business it creates for itself—railway inspection, watching the wind and weather, inspecting lime juice and oysters, employing attorneys to give their opinion on shipwrecks—is better left alone. These useless duties are established to multiply places and salaries. Secret Boards strike at the power and independence of Parliament. They have their favourites, listen to their prayers; introduced, and, by the discipline of party, carry measures which are sought by single classes. Parliament cannot resist. Hence, in a great measure, arises the extravagant expenditure which has become [a danger]. You are united to reform and diminish rates; may I venture to hint that it is within your duty also, to reform, and diminish

THE IRISH "NATIONAL" PAPERS.

THE Irish "national" papers assail the Australian colonists for passing a Treason-Felony Bill, after the attempt on the Duke of Edinburgh's life. The *Irishman* exclaims:—"Out upon them, for a wretched, selfish scum; a shame and a hissing to the name of manhood; a mock and a derision to the world; a hideous wen upon creation; they had liberties and they lost them; they had a free Constitution, and they sacrificed it; they were all fetterless people, and they have put on the clanking manacles of the felon slave, and branded themselves with a brand of immortal infamy." The *Nation*, in another strain, believes the next mail from the far south will probably bring "accounts of prosecutions, and fines, and imprisonments, perhaps of rioting and bloodshed." "In Sydney the suggestion sent from the Home Office has been taken up at once, and even improved upon in its practical realisation. The rulers of that colony have set their gallows to work already, hanging upon it an Irishman of unsound mind, who had fired a shot at Prince Alfred, and inflicted on him a wound from which his Royal Highness recovered in a week. And they have rushed through their Legislature, in the brief space of seven hours, a Treason-Felony Bill so wildly and irrationally tyrannical in its provisions that not a vestige of public liberty can be said to exist in the country where it is law."

VIEW OF FOLKESTONE.

ETYMOLOGISTS have luxuriated in different interpretations of the name of this pretty and picturesque town, an engraving of which we give in this page. Some imagine it to mean "the



VIEW OF FOLKESTONE.

taxation, and ask you not to assent too readily to the formation of new departments, which will have neither the power nor the wish to act for you so well as you do for yourselves."

THE VEXED QUESTION OF COPYRIGHT.

AN important case as regards the vexed question of copyright was decided in the House of Lords. Lord Cairns, in giving judgment in the case, said: Miss Cummins, a domiciled citizen of the United States of America, went to Canada, and whilst residing there her work, "Haunted Hearts," was published in this country and duly registered. There were three questions, said his lordship, to determine: 1. Where, in order to obtain a title to copyright, must publication take place? 2. What is the area over which the protection of this copyright extends? 3. Who is entitled to the protection of this copyright? Lord Cairns said: Firstly, it is clear that to obtain the benefit of the Act the publication must take place in the United Kingdom. Secondly, I have no doubt that the area over which the protection extends is the whole of the British dominions. Thirdly, which is the most important, I hold that every author who publishes in the United Kingdom is entitled to the protection of copyright, wheresoever he may be resident, and to what Sovereign soever he may be subject. The aim of the Legislature was to increase the stock of literature in the country; and if an alien publishes in this country, and so adds to that stock of literature, he is entitled in return to the benefit of this Act. The other law lords present concurred.

people's rock (folkestang); the rock of the small folk (or fairies); and "a flaw in the rock" (dos stane). It was one of the manors attached to the Saxon crown, and was granted by William the Conqueror to his good knight William d'Avranches, who built a Norman stronghold on or near the site of a Saxon fort. It was only a quiet little fishing town until the harbour was formed, in 1809; and a railway gave it additional life and motion in 1844. The harbour-house was built in 1845; its tower or campanile is 100 feet in height. The harbour was much improved in the following year, and a movable railway bridge of iron connecting the inner and outer basins constructed. A portion of the town lies in a gap between the chalk and greensand hills. Folkestone, in consequence of its having become an important steam-packet station for Continental service, has now become a rapidly rising place of business.

NEGRO COLONISATION SOCIETY.—The American (Negro) Colonisation Society—which was formed by John Randolph, Richard Lee, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster, in 1817, at a hotel in Washington—still remains in activity. During the past twelve months it reports having sent out to Liberia 1,300 negroes. Sixty thousand dollars were expended for education, and 10,000 dollars added to the funds of the society.

THE official declaration of the poll at the East Worcestershire election took place at Droitwich, where the High Sheriff gave the following as the numbers of votes polled:—Lyttelton (R.), 2,688; Laslett (C.), 2,429—majority, 259. At the last contest for this division of the county, which took place in 1859, the Conservative candidate was beaten by 348, and only polled 1,965 votes.

LORD BROUGHAM'S FUNERAL.

SOME account of Lord Brougham's funeral is given by an Edinburgh gentleman travelling in the South of France in a letter dated "Cannes, May 24," which is published in the *Scotsman*:—"This afternoon at five o'clock the remains of Henry Lord Brougham were conveyed in a plain deal coffin, covered with black cloth and nailed down with plain black nails, without any ornament or superscription, carried in a musty old hearse dragged by two sorry horses, to the public cemetery at Cannes, and pushed into a vault so clumsily that part of the black cloth was torn off the coffin. A clergyman read the customary prayers at the mouth of the vault, and then laid on the coffin two of those common wreaths of immortelles; then a Frenchman stepped forward and read an empty eulogium, the gist of which was that Lord Brougham had been the means of bringing the English to Cannes. A motley collection of odd-looking vehicles followed the hearse, containing Lord Brougham's relatives and friends. There were also some Frenchmen, and the remnant of the English whose avocations do not allow them to leave the place with the fashionable world. When we arrived at the cemetery, we found a crowd of peasantry—men, women, and children. I followed the hearse the whole way; it was a hot and a long walk."

THOMAS WEBSTER, R.A.

THIS celebrated painter, whose portrait will be found on page 381, was born in London in 1800, and was for some time one of the choir at the Chapel Royal at St. James's, but passed much of his time at Windsor, where his father was employed in the Royal

establishment. He first exhibited at the Academy, in 1823, a portrait group, but seldom again until 1835, after which he continued to exhibit one or more of those quiet domestic subjects which have secured him so much fame. Among his well-known pictures are "The Bird-catchers," "Going into School," "Coming out of School," "Returning from the Fair," "Breakfast," "Punch," "A Dame's School," "The Slide," "Dothetboys Hall," "A Village Choir," "A School Playground," "A See-saw," "The Race," and many others which have become great favourites with the public. He was elected to an Associateship in 1840, and R.A. in 1846.

INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANSTEAD.—The annual meeting of this charity was held last week at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, John Deacon, Esq., in the chair. The report, which was read by the Secretary, Mr. H. W. Green, stated that there would be—with the thirty children about to be elected—599 orphans in the institution. Most of those who had quitted had been provided with respectable situations. The Rev. M. Mitchell, H.M. Inspector, had made a highly favourable report on the schools. The expenditure had been reduced in several important items, but would be augmented in the future by the imposition of rates and taxes, from which the Asylum had hitherto exempt. The income had been fully equal to the demands made upon it. The report having been adopted, the committee and officers were chosen, and the poll was opened for the election of thirty candidates.

SIR ARTHUR GUINNESS, the son of the late Sir Benjamin L. Guinness, was elected member for Dublin in the place of his deceased father. There was no opposition.

SUCCESSFUL BOOKS.

INGENIOUS people usually believe a brace of propositions about books: first, that no book succeeds without possessing a good deal of merit of some sort or other; and, second, that no book of real merit in any order fails in the long run to command success. Each of these notions in the sense in which they are usually accepted is about as untrue as the other. Within the last ten years there have appeared some three or four novelists whose books burst upon the world as rockets into the heavens, whose success at the moment was beyond dispute, and yet whose reputation even by this time is no more than a fragment of burnt cartridge paper and a singed stick, graceless to the eyes and of ill savour to the nostrils of men. Within the same space, both in fiction and in graver work, books have fallen flat, comparatively with the huge successes of the others, that yet delighted the competent critic whom the profusely laureled ones only wearied and disgusted. The question, therefore, like most others, turns upon the meaning of words—What do you understand by success, and what by merit? Does the common opinion only mean that each kind of success can only be achieved through the corresponding kind of merit? For example, that to acquire a vogue among philosophers you must possess the philosophic quality, to secure the favour of trained critics the verse-writer must manifest unaffected and genuine poetic quality, to win the suffrages of a voluminous rabble of commonplace minds the author must not fly too high nor cut down too deep, nor touch the weightier matters, nor leave many things open and undetermined. In this case the common opinion represents the exact and complete truth that he who wishes the end wishes the means, and that if he can command the means either in the highest or the lowest form of literary production, then the end, success in its highest or the lowest form, assuredly awaits him. But there is much in the current speech that implies a different significance from this. Unthinking persons, when they say that an author who is widely read must have merit, mean much more than that, having pleased a miscellaneous crowd containing many fools, he deserves credit for being able to give pleasure to fools. There is a sort of under-meaning beneath this, to the effect that to please a miscellaneous crowd implies the supreme gift of touching the human heart and stirring the universal sympathies of mankind; that the greater the crowd the greater the likelihood of their verdict being correct, and their applause and blame being sagaciously and justly awarded; that success with crowds, therefore, is the most infallible test of broad and unsophisticated worth. This is as if one should say that the applause of mobs shows that the demagogue is wiser, abler, and sounder at the core than the statesman to whom they turn a cold and unconcerned eye. For just as the demagogue wins his laurels, such as they are, by conciliating not the most but the least creditable qualities in his hearers, so in literature there are chiefs who owe their sway less to the discrimination, judgment, and elevation of their admirers, than to their heedlessness and to their natural preference of what is either very commonplace or very forced over what is fresh and simple. It would be invidious, but it would not be difficult to name authors in most branches of literature, in fiction, verse, philosophy (particularly if it be proverbial), history, essays, and theology, who have won their places simply by those artifices which we condemn in the politician, but which somehow are suffered to pass muster in literature. There has been at least one book published during the current season which must have been deliberately designed to win favour simply and solely by the very low device of "tickling the brute" in man, though nominally concerned with the strictly spiritual side of men and women.

The idea that critical acumen which does not exist in any one member of a great crowd is in some manner developed when they all happen to agree is a strange metaphysical superstition without any base in fact or reason. A crowd of men has the sheep's knack of following; and what may look like a broad and unanimous verdict is very often no more than a unanimous following the lead of some one or two bold spirits who have taken this gap or that at hazard. Success attained by such a process as this, however noisy and remunerative it may be, is not what the best kind of man would desire. It is true that to those bold spirits all flame with ambition that success seems but a tame reward which consists in the warm approval of a little band of highly trained and competent men who have gone over the ground, know its difficulties, have tested the conditions by which only they may be overcome, and so can wisely measure the worth of what an author has done. The rhetoricians of literature who sigh after the huzzas of the multitude would look upon this as not so much better than sheer failure, as being a poor reward for laborious days. But, as a matter of fact, merit is a condition of success, each after its kind. An author cannot often persuade himself to undergo the toilsome cultivation needful to gain the votes of the very instructed few, unless he is capable of valuing his work at its right appraisement. And, after all, is not the best book in every order written by the man or woman who sets least account on any outside success at all, and rests almost wholly on the doing of the work itself as its own reward, not asking praise from wide crowd or even he

accomplished few, but rather proffering ascertained gifts to such as shall choose to seize them?

When people talk of success in literature as the test of excellence in the vulgar sense of this equivocal aphorism, do they reflect how vastly accident enters into the fame and popularity of a book? De Quincey has dwelt upon this in his criticism of Foster's Essays, where he argues that the renown of those essentially mediocre pieces was due to a number of incidents which had nothing to do with their intrinsic worth. The same consideration deserves to be taken into account in examining both the renown and the want of renown which have befallen many books since. In spite of Mr. Gladstone's enthusiasm, few persons will pretend that "Ecce Homo," for example, owed its amazing popularity wholly to its intrinsic quality, amiable and mild as is its tone. It may be said, indeed, that this mildness of tone went somewhat further than it might fairly have been expected to do on its own account, from the accidental fact that in theological books we are mostly accustomed either to ferocity or to garrulity. A theological book written in a Christian spirit was as great a treat as it was a novelty. Then, again, the anonymity was a happy accident. For a book to be attributed to some fifty of the most conspicuous men of the day was to pique the public curiosity inextinguishably. It was, again, a bit of luck such as does not often happen to an author that in the outset the Earl of Shaftesbury began to talk of it in connection with vomiting and the devil and the jaws of hell. Just as the success of Foster's Essays is unaccountable until we remember that the book was the work of a leading member of a powerful sect, that its appearance was judiciously pre-announced, and the curiosity of the world properly stimulated, so may the success of "Ecce Homo" puzzle posterity until they remember such points about it as we have just mentioned. To come to a lower level, what can one say of the success of the great swarm of "A. K. H. B.'s," and "Gentle Lives," and all that tribe? Perhaps one may best say nothing. They are not things that one takes any profit by reasoning about. In fiction there is more than one conspicuous and popular writer who has still to find his criticism, and at the same moment to find his level too. How many even of the better sort of novels will be read and enjoyed five-and-twenty years hence as they are now? Yet true success in fiction ought to mean a good deal more than the petty span of a quarter of a century.

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

GRAY or faded hair is restored to its original color and beauty and a luxuriant growth promoted by Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing Six Shillings per bottle. Her Zylbalsamum for the young, Three Shillings European Depot, 268, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]

GRAY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMEON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

HINTS TO AMATEURS
ON GARDENING.

JUNE this year finds us on its arrival, with most of our bedding-out plants turned out and growing, instead of having, as usual, all that pleasurable labour before us. We are, consequently, now free to turn our minds to other matters, and possibly to do certain things which in the ordinary way would have been left till the autumn, but which, if done this month, will repay us next year for this early attention.

It must have often been remarked by intelligent observers that some gardeners have a great disinclination to give away anything when it is in bloom, whether in pots or growing in the ground, while they will give you a piece of anything and everything which can be safely divided, if the flowering season of those plants is past and over. Some of the spring-blooming plants may now therefore be asked for, without fear of a refusal; and amongst many things worthy of attention, there is not a more general favourite than the violet; so get roots of them, wherever you have seen good varieties of them flowering. Of the sweet-scented kinds there are blue, white, and red sorts, and double-flowered varieties of each; there is the Russian violet, of which the recently-introduced sorts called the Czar, the Giant, and others, are probably only very large varieties; there is the tree violet; and (last not least) there are the Nespolitan and Queen violets, both very large and very double.

Some people grow violets to perfection, with fine luxuriant foliage and lots of flowers, while others can make nothing of them. The reason is not difficult of explanation: the former have studied nature, thought about her mysterious workings, and copied them as closely as they could. The latter folks have shoved their plants in anywhere and anyhow, and "stamped" upon them, adding one bucket of water, "just to settle the earth;" a series of evolutions, as likely as any we know of, just to settle the plant!

Let us then go to nature in all humility, and endeavour to learn what she is ready to teach us about growing violets.

First, as to situation.

Where do we find wild violets growing? Always in a warm place, out of the wind, not exposed to the mid-day sun, on banks, and in other places where the drainage is good, where stagnant water cannot collect about their roots, where the earth is well screened and kept cool by the foliage of other plants. In such places do violets love best to grow; in such situations are their flowers the largest and the sweetest.

Next as to soil. We do not find them growing in sand, for this would be too hot for their roots in summer, and would not be nourishing enough for them. We do not find them growing upon a clay soil, which is beaten and washed smooth by a heavy shower, and afterwards baked, hard as brick, by a hot sun. We do not find them growing in dry peat or in a wet bog. If we dig up some roots, we shall find the earth cool and slightly moist, but not damp; friable, but not sandy; loamy, like the top spit of a good grass field; and rich with "humus," a term used by chemists for leaves and other parts of plants so thoroughly decayed and purified as to have become converted into a black vegetable mould. Such is the soil in which violets delight to dwell, and there is no difficulty in making up such a soil when you know what it is composed of. But always take care that the soil has good drainage under it; if in pots, by using crocks an inch or two inches deep; if in the open ground, either by similar means or by banking up the soil, and thus keeping it above the general level of the ground or the garden.

Soil and situation being determined upon, take up the old plants, shake off all the old soil without breaking the roots or injuring the plants, cut off the young runners, and divide the plants into as many pieces as you think proper, only taking care that each piece to be planted is well furnished with roots. If you are not well off for any particular sort, you may plant the runners also. When the pieces are all planted, they must be well watered, and carefully shaded for ten days or a fortnight until their roots have taken firm hold of the new earth. After that time they will want no further protection. To shade them, there is nothing handier or better than some boughs of evergreen shrubs cut off and stuck into the ground so as to arch over them.

The intelligent amateur will doubtless observe the applicability of many of these hints to other plants besides violets, and to other months of the year besides the present. In all his proceedings we would counsel him not to be entirely guided by what gardeners may tell him, but to compare what he hears with what he sees in the book of nature; to think upon these things, and then to act as his judgment directs.—W. T. in the *Gardener's Chronicle*.

SUN-SPOTS.—The nature of sun-spots has puzzled observers since the time of Galileo, and all sorts of strange conjectures have been started from time to time to account for them. The latest theory on the subject is that of Mr. Lockyer, who holds that they are due to absorption. The spectroscopic evidence has been reviewed by Mr. Huggins, who at a recent meeting of the Royal Society entirely endorsed Mr. Lockyer's conclusions.



THOMAS WEBSTER, R.A.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

A DREADFUL accident occurred at the Leamside station of the North Eastern Railway Company on Sunday, about noon, resulting in the death of two children and the marvellous escape of two others. Four children were playing on the down line, near the water tank, but unseen by any one in the vicinity of the place at the time. Just then an engine and tender from York rounded the curve, when both driver and stoker observed the four children. The breaks were at once put on, but it was too late to bring the engine up. The noise of the whistle, however, alarmed the poor children, who attempted to escape. A little boy about four years old ran off at once, followed by a girl somewhat older. The two others made also an attempt to get out of danger, but both were very young, and they seemed "dazed" by the position they were in. The oldest girl, getting near the end of the platform looked back, and then seeing the danger the little ones were in, turned and endeavoured to protect them. Just then the engine came up. The connecting rod struck her first, and all three were thrown in one mass to the ground. Immediately after the engine neared the little fellow who had been the first to see the danger and try to escape. Before he could, however, reach the end of the platform, the connecting rod struck him a fearful blow on the head, knocking him to the ground. A little further on, and the engine was brought up. Then a dreadful scene presented itself to those who had by that time hurried to the place. On the little boy being taken up it was found that his head had been almost cut in two. He had been killed outright. Ten yards further, and there lay in a confused mass his three other companions. The elder girl had also her head cut open, the blood gushing from it, and the brain exposed. She had also received a wound on the arm. When taken up she yet lived. The other children, though somewhat stunned, were little the worse, one having its foot injured, and the other having escaped with a bruised hand. The little boy who was found dead was recognised as John Wilson. The girl about nine years' old, was his sister, child of a pitman, residing at Rainton Gate. The two who had escaped were Isabella Gilroy five years old, and James Smith, four years old. The two latter had had a most remarkable escape, owing in a great measure to the brave conduct of the elder girl, Margaret Wilson, who had pulled them towards her, and as it turned out, almost effectually protected them. The dead boy and his still breathing sister were at once conveyed home; but the girl died in about two hours.

THE MURDER OF A CHILD.

ISABELLA DAVIDSON, who was charged last week with the wilful murder of her illegitimate child, William Davidson, aged eleven months, by suffocation, was brought up for final examination, Mrs. Ellen Meredith, of 22, Caversham-street, Chelsea, stated that the prisoner lodged in her house for one week. She never spoke to witness about bringing the child home. She told her that she was a servant, and that she would not require the room more than a week, as she had a situation. She did not know whether the prisoner went out on the Wednesday; in fact, she knew nothing about the case excepting from what she had heard.

Mr. Hubert Wood, who defended, reserved his defence.

Mr. Dayman then committed the prisoner for trial.

SERIOUS ASSAULT.

WILLIAM ADERLEY, a bricklayer, living in Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, was charged with violently assaulting his wife.

Mr. Henry Case, house surgeon at the Middlesex Hospital, stated that at quarter to five o'clock in the morning a woman named Charlotte Aderley was brought by a constable to the hospital. She was at once admitted, and on examination he found that she had received a deep scalp wound, which had divided one of the arteries, and in about another five minutes, had the woman not been brought to the hospital, she would have bled to death, and she was still in a very dangerous state.

Police-constable Hatch, 133 E., said that while in Cleveland-street on Monday, about four o'clock, the wife of the prisoner came up to him, and complained that the prisoner had assaulted her. Finding that she was bleeding profusely from a wound on the head, he took her to the Middlesex Hospital, and the prisoner was taken to the station. The woman told him that the prisoner had seized hold of her by the back of the head, and then beat her head on the stairs.

In answer to Mr. Knox, the constable said that the prisoner was drunk. There were no witnesses in attendance who saw the assault, but he understood that the prisoner had been illusing his wife all the night.

The constable, in answer to the prisoner, said that he did not see the prisoner strike his wife, but he had known him for four years to be in the habit of ill-using his wife.

The prisoner, in answer to the charge, said that some time after he went to bed his wife struck him with a piece of wood, and afterwards, while standing on the stairs, his wife ran out of the room, and his foot projecting at the time she fell over it and struck her head on the stairs. He never struck her at all.

Mr. Knox inquired of the surgeon whether he could form any idea how the wound was inflicted.

Mr. Case said he should say by the head being struck against something.

Mr. Knox remanded the prisoner.

THE RATEPAYING CLAUSES IN LAMBETH.

SEVEN THOUSAND PERSONS SUMMONED. ON Wednesday morning, at ten o'clock, a petty session was held at the Vestry Hall, Kennington-green, before Mr. Phillips, and Mr. J. Rolls,

magistrates, and the various parochial officials, to hear the summonses for non-payment of rates. Between six and seven thousand summonses have been issued, the hearing of which will be divided over three days. In order to prevent anything like a breach of the peace, or the clamour raised last week at the Town Hall, Hackney, some police of the L division were present, under Mr. Inspector Heath. Some of the poor people complained that landlords had refused to reduce the rents. During the morning some hundreds came to the hall, many of whom were evidently very poor, and who complained bitterly of the new system.

THE EVIL OF BAD COMPANY.

MARGARET HASTINGS, 27, washer, was indicted for stealing a purse and the sum of 20s., the property and moneys of Thomas Quinlan, from his person.

This was a case postponed from last Sessions. The prosecutor is a traveller living at Peter's-square, Hackney. Between five and six o'clock on the morning of the 13th of May he went into a public-house in Holborn, and called for some refreshment. The prisoner, who was there, wanted him to treat her, which he refused to do. She contrived to put her hand into his trousers pocket, steal his purse containing 20s., and run away with it. He had been treating another woman to beer.

Alexander M'Ewin, 117 F., was on duty in Chancery-lane on the morning in question, and saw the prosecutor running after prisoner. He stopped her, and the prosecutor came up and gave her into custody, when she threw herself on her back and was very violent. She was conveyed to the police-station, but no purse was found upon her.

Charles Sturgeon, barman at the public-house, corroborated the prosecutor.

The prisoner said the bar was crowded, and the prosecutor brought a woman in whose hair was down. She did not steal the purse, and the money (17s. 11d.) found upon her was her own. Guilty.

Mr. Payne sentenced her to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

FATAL ACCIDENTS ON THE RIVER.—On Whit Sunday the river between Putney and Kew was covered with small boats, loaded with holiday makers, and several accidents took place, terminating in more than one case, we regret to say, fatally. In one instance a party of ten were upset by the swell of a steamboat passing near Chiswick Eyot at low tide. Five of the party were saved by the steamer, but it is reported that three were drowned. Only one of the bodies has been picked up. The other accident occurred a little higher up the river; the particulars have not reached us, but two deaths are recorded.

STEALING A CARPET FROM A GARDEN.—Wm. Weston, 26, and James Johnson, 18, labourer, were indicted for stealing a piece of carpet worth 6s., from a garden.—The witnesses deposed to seeing three men in the garden of No. 32, Marlborough-hill, St. John's wood, and shortly afterwards the carpet was missed. A barrow was standing outside a public-house, and at the bottom of a hamper in the barrow the carpet, which belonged to Mr. J. D. Blaize, and was worth five shillings, was found. It was the theory of the prosecution that the prisoners, who brought the barrow to the public-house, were the thieves. They went away, and no one else came forward to claim the barrow. The prisoners were taken into custody, and in answer to the accusation Johnson said he could prove an *alibi*; the other prisoner said he had nothing to say. Weston was acquitted, and Johnson convicted and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

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